

CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL OF COMMERCE
HAMILTON, ONTARIO

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THE 1935

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VOL. 3

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF
CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL OF COMMERCE
HAMILTON, ONTARIO



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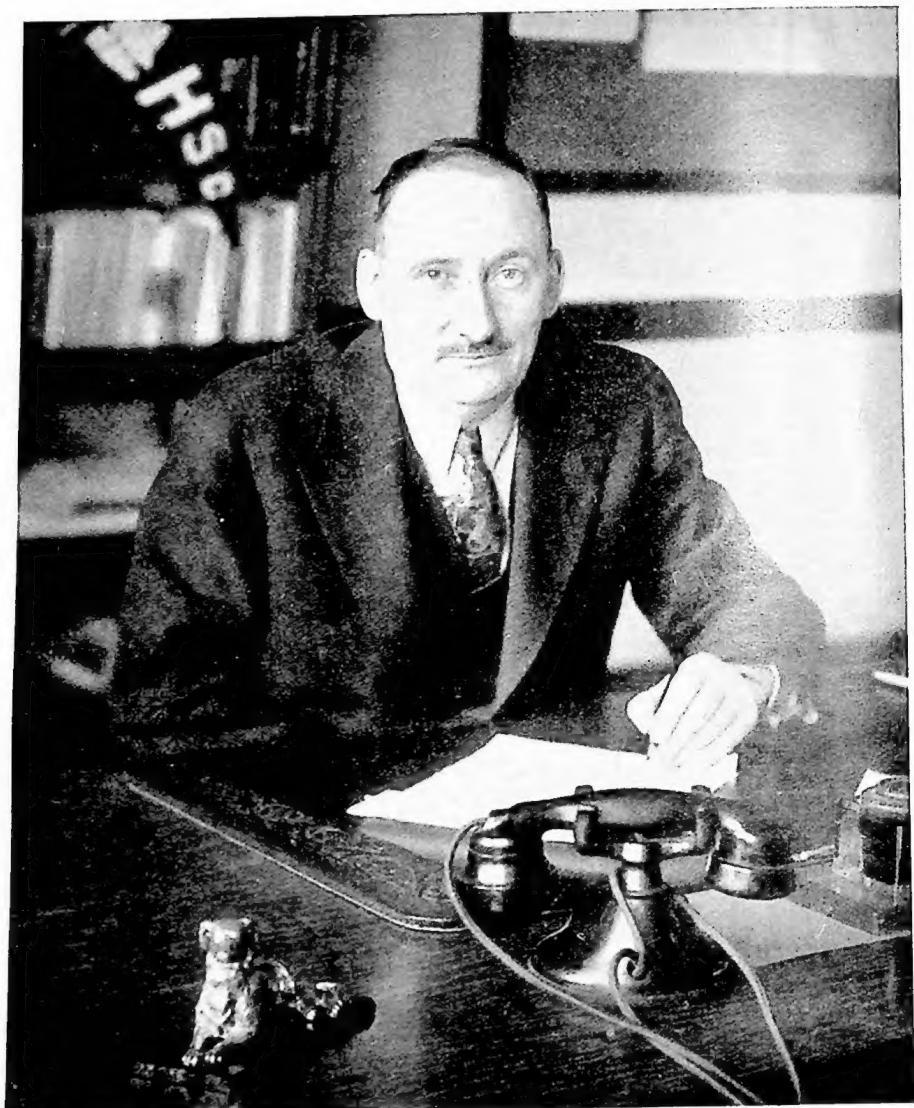


THE FRONT ENTRANCE.

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OUR PRINCIPAL.

Foreword

Much has been said and written about school spirit without serious thought of its true meaning. In far too many schools it means noisy exuberance at athletic meets and games—a win at any price for the “dear old alma mater”. I sincerely trust and hope the High School of Commerce may be forever spared such school spirit. But if school spirit really stands for the ideal of good work and true sportsmanship—to work hard, and play harder—for honesty of purpose—to win without undue jubilation or to lose without whining excuses—then I believe the High School of Commerce is developing a goodly portion of school spirit. Our teams have won no championships but they defaulted no games—they enjoyed themselves and gained experience. Most of our students have seen the vision of a task well done as their desired goal and it augurs well for the future.

The final success of any school must depend on the ideals of all who compose it—both pupils and masters. All the famous schools of the past and present have become so because they held fast to high ideals. So must the High School of Commerce if it is to attain success and fame. Such success and reputation come only with time. Day by day, and week by week, in these early years the foundations are being laid.

So many I again call to the attention of all our students and friends our school crest—with its three symbols and three-fold motto—set in stone above our entrance. First the three-fold motto:

“INDUSTRY, INTEGRITY AND SERVICE.”

INDUSTRY—never satisfied with what is, but ever striving onward for new and better things;

INTEGRITY—honest and four square to all demands of life;

SERVICE—ever ready to lend a helping hand to your fellow-man, to leave the place in which you live a better place from your living there.

And the three symbols:

1. THE OPEN BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE—HELD ALOFT—to represent an open mind ready to receive, consider and adopt the new ideas and ideals of a better future and to give your fellow-man due consideration and a square deal.

2. THE BEAVER—the emblem of industry of our great Dominion. Busy about many things but always and ever quietly minding your own business.

3. AND FINALLY THE GOODLY SHIP IN FULL SAIL—not only to represent the ships of commerce that sail to every port of the seven seas, but also to represent the ship of youth and ambition outward bound on the shining seas of life. And for every one of you may it have a goodly voyage and bring you at last to that haven where you would wish to be—a haven of success—of happiness—of love and the fullness of life.

—T. W. OATES, M.A., B.COM., B.PAED.

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Argosy Staff

EDITORIAL STAFF

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	Dave Hutchison
<i>Assistant Editor</i>	Isabella Douglas
<i>Secretary</i>	Elsie Copland
<i>Treasurer</i>	Miss French
<i>Alumni and Exchange</i>	Marion Smith
<i>Girls' Athletics</i>	Audrey Hill
<i>Boys' Athletics</i>	Mike Yaremko
<i>Humour</i>	Jack Sargeant
<i>Social</i>	Alma Pryke
<i>Debating and Oratory</i>	Amy Pepper
<i>Music and Drama</i>	Bill Lukyn
<i>Art</i>	George Gray
<i>School Activities</i>	Edmund Ford
<i>Staff Advisers</i> —Miss Dodds (Convener), Miss Duffy, Miss Wilson, Mrs. Pothier, Miss Wood, Miss Lorraway, Mr. Pugh, Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Holmes, Mr. Foucar.	

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<i>Typing</i> —Marion Franks, Gertie Rochkin, Velma Erdmann.	
<i>Circulation</i> —Jim McKeen, Myrtle Hodgson, Elva Nixon.	

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II.....	Phyllis Green	Gussie Bolus

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1-B.....	M. Johnston	2-D.....	V. Erdmann
1-C.....	E. Nixon	2-E.....	P. Green
1-D.....	I. Brown	2-F.....	G. Hodson
1-E.....	I. Forrest	2-G.....	C. McLennan
1-F.....	M. Hodgson	3-A.....	J. Sargeant
1-G.....	A. McCarthy	3-B.....	E. Copland
1-H.....	J. Murray	3-C.....	M. Franks
1-K.....	K. Sebin	3-D.....	G. Rochkin
1-M.....	G. Sturges	3-E.....	A. Hill
2-A.....	G. Gray	Sp. B.....	A. Pepper
2-B.....	E. Ford	Sp. C.....	J. McKeen
		4-A.....	H. Bentley

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STAFF OF "THE ARGOSY".

BACK ROW—B. Lukyn, P. Green, G. Smith, G. Roachkin, M. Yaremko, A. Miner.
SECOND ROW—M. Smith, M. Johnston, E. Copland, A. Pryke, J. McKeen, H. Bentley, M. Franks, J. Sergeant, G. Bolus.
FRONT ROW—G. Gray, A. Pepper, D. Hutchinson, I. Douglas, E. Lampman.
ABSENT—A. Hill, E. Ford.

Editorials

It would not be inappropriate to borrow the title of a recent motion picture, "Baby, Take a Bow," for the theme song in this editorial. Our magazine is in the infant stage, being three years old with this issue, born in the dark days of the depression, but thriving on the economies which may have limited its size but not its scope, nursed carefully through the teething period by our predecessors, and then handed on to us in the manner of a heritage. Former editors have known the amount of cajoling and persuasion necessary to put this temperamental youngster in fit shape for a public appearance. They have walked with it at nights, consulted specialists on the subject of a suitable diet, worked some neat mental embroidery and hem-stitching on its clothing, and on each birthday have presented a healthy infant, full of life and growing rapidly. We, too, have known sleepless nights and the doughnut-shaped shadows under the eyes that are the result, but the work has provided up deep pleasure.

The magazine, like the school, has many years in front of it. In comparison to some other school annuals it looks the baby that it is; but fifty or sixty years from now (if schools by that time have not degenerated into mere brain-factories with a mechanical school spirit than is wound up and turned on only on gala occasions) we may expect a bulky volume, wealthy in material and finances. However, we are adding candles prematurely to the birthday cake. As guardians of the magazine we now give it officially into your keeping. Take it: it's yours!

STAFF CHANGES

With a noticeable absence of gaiety, the school term was commenced by teachers and pupils alike after the glorious summer holidays, and as we strolled down the noisy corridors the strangers could be readily noticed. New faces, amazed at their new school, wandered with lackadaisical abandon and with no apparent destination in mind. Old-timers greeted one another with their familiar nicknames and expressions, and in a short time both the newcomers and veterans were close friends.

Along with the change in students came a change in teachers. This year the staff of the Central High School of Commerce includes Miss Ramsay, a graduate of Central Collegiate and McMaster University, who was on the staff of Leamington High School; Mr. Holmes, who comes to us from Dundas High School; Mr. Montgomery, who last taught at Ingersoll, and Mr. MacDonald, a former teacher at Delhi.

This year has also seen a change in our office staff, Miss Marjorie Tabor leaving with the good wishes of everyone to become Mrs. J. M. Henderson. Miss Isabell Hall, a former graduate of our school, is her capable successor as assistant-registrar.

To these new members of our staff we extend a welcome and we hope their terms in this school will be pleasant and successful.

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The Editor's Grab Bag

(Dave Hutchinson, Editor)

"You pay your money, and you take your choice."

I have often thought that little "atmosphere" would make any lesson more diverting. A touch of drama or the like would create an impression that would be far more lasting than the routine work. Let us suppose that Mr. Hudson when teaching History of Commerce appeared one morning garbed as a Phoenician trader or a feudal lord, and dramatized the lesson. The popularity of the subject would increase a thousand-fold. Pupils would look forward to their next history session with added zest, particularly if subsequent lessons were bulletined thus: "All out to the next history lesson. Mr. Holmes as Lord Stratheona (side-whiskers and frock coat loaned by the staff), driving the last spike in the C.P.R. Admission Free. Amusement Tax Extra."

Naturally the drama would not be suitable in all subjects. Arithmetic would present a problem. Mr. Stewart could not be expected to impersonate an 80% co-insurance clause or a barrel completing its fortieth day in storage at 1 cent a day, but such technical difficulties could be overcome by presenting the lesson in the form of a game, preferably of the guessing type. He could ask the student questions on annuities, with two minutes allowed for an answer. If the student gets the correct answer, which is improbable, then he or she is credited with one mark; but on failure to give the solution Mr. Stewart then chalks up one mark to himself. Whereupon the student gets the chance to quiz. (I would advise the novice to offer something more complex than the reasons prompting a chicken to cross the road, or the motives which cause firemen to wear red suspenders. This is simply throwing your opportunity away.) The game, which might well be called "Rabid Calculation," could be allotted a place on the report card, and if the student showed a distinct advantage over the teacher in the final score, this amount in all fairness should act as a discount on any preponderance of failures that might appear on the card at the same time.

The whole thing is worth a thought, if only a passing one, some time when you're dozing.

* * * * *

Lotions and cold creams are advertised nowadays as sure means of bringing red, chapped hands back to their original "creamy, soft loveliness," but so far the student has found no balm for the ominous red hands infesting his reports.

* * * * *

Ralph Metcalfe would gape at the speed with which pupils evacuate the building at lunch hour.

* * * * *

Sometimes I encounter things like this in the mail:

Dear Editor:

In the flurry or a typewriting speed test, when I hear my neighbour's machine clicking away and the carriage returning regularly, while my own fingers, like huge, loathsome sausages, plunge awkwardly into the abyss between keys, I feel the desire to maul said neighbour severely with my typewriter and rush screaming from the building. Would such action be correct?

PERPLEXED.

Answer: Frankly, this would be a breach of etiquette. However common the custom may have been in the past, it is now definitely considered a "faux pas." To combat this annoyance I suggest the use of sound-proof earmuffs. This will help you regain your stoical calm. Or, if you can convince your teacher that your nerves can't stand the strain, you could get someone else to type your tests for you.

* * * * *

(Harold A. D. Tabb, Editor, 1933)

The School Paper is the only organ in the school which can record the school activities for any given term. Time after time the local newspaper will mention that the various branches of a school have carried off top honours in some sport or even lost and given a good display of sportsmanship, but if it were not for a School Paper no one would remember it after June had passed.

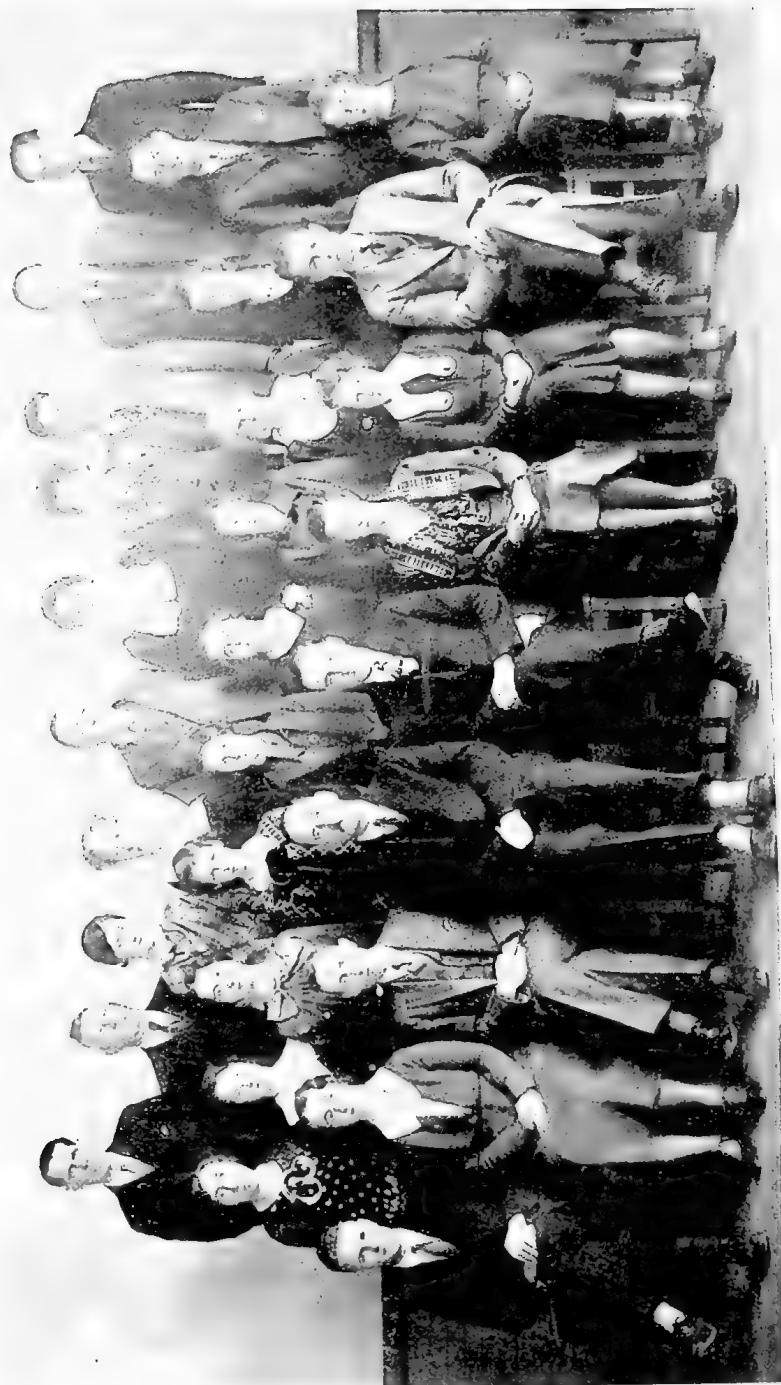
Besides being a record of all the sporting, dramatic, social and the many other activities which make up a school year, it is a souvenir to treasure in later years. There is nothing like pictures and autographs to recall school-mates after a decade has passed.

May the first Committee of the School Paper wish the present Committee, Miss Dodds especially, that it meet with all the co-operation that the school showed in those good old days in 1933.

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School Staff

Oates, Thomas William, M.A., B.Com., B.Paed.....	<i>Principal</i>
Dodds, Helen M., B.A.....	<i>Lit., Comp., Spell.</i>
Dore, M. Helen, B.A.....	<i>Type., Pen., Spell</i>
Duffy, G. Norma, B.A.....	<i>Lit., Comp., Hist.</i>
Elliott, H. E., B.A.....	<i>Arithmetic</i>
Ferguson, Evalena, B.A.....	<i>Sec. Science</i>
Fisher, Edna B. V.....	<i>Pen., Spell.</i>
FitzSimons, D. Irene, B.A.....	<i>P.T.</i>
Foucar, Walter K., M.A.....	<i>Comp., Lit., Spell.</i>
French, M. Helen, B.A.....	<i>Type.</i>
Harley, Mildred E. E., B.A.....	<i>H. Econ.</i>
Holmes, T. R., B.A.....	<i>Lit., Hist., Comp.</i>
Hudson, Albert D., B.A.....	<i>Hist., Econ.</i>
Langford, E. W., B.A.....	<i>Bkkg., Law</i>
Lishman, Frederic R., B.A.....	<i>P.T., Jr. Bus., Spell.</i>
Lorraway, Hazel, B.A.....	<i>Type., Sten.</i>
MacDonald, G. B., B.Com.....	<i>Lit., Comp.</i>
Marshall, Helen W., B.A.....	<i>Type., Sten., Corr., Spell.</i>
McCoig, Laura J., B.Com., B.Paed.....	<i>Sec. Science</i>
Montgomery, J. D., B.Com.....	<i>Pen., Jr. Bus., Hist.</i>
Pothier, Kathryn, B.A.....	<i>Spell., Lit., Hist., Comp.</i>
Pugh, H. C., B.A.....	<i>Pen., Science</i>
Ramsay, Vera, B.A.....	<i>Type., Sten., Spell.</i>
Stewart, C. A., B.A.....	<i>Arith., Spell.</i>
Wilson, M. A., B.A.....	<i>Sec. Science, Spell.</i>
Wingfield, A. H., B.A Sc., Ph.D.....	<i>Science, Geog.</i>
Wood, Rachel L., B.A.....	<i>Bkkg.</i>
MacBeth, Frances.....	<i>Registrar</i>
Hall, Isabel.....	<i>Asst. Registrar</i>



THE SCHOOL STAFF
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Dr. Wingfield.
FRONT ROW—Mr. Stewart, Miss Wood, Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Oates, Principal, Mr. Holmes, Miss Hall, Miss Ramsay, Mr. Montgomery, Mrs.
Pothier.

First Form Story

THE EXPLANATION

Jean Adler, 1-C

Often the two old men sat in the huge, green leather chairs by the fireplace, and often the two old men talked. To-day, they had drawn their chairs even closer to the glowing fire, and the dancing light played upon the features of men well past sixty, but with the rugged frames and alert eyes of those who have spent their lives in struggle and adventure. Each had played his part separately: each had seen strange things.

Five years before they had met in a London clubroom. The two men had much in common, and each delighted in the other's company. They had soon become fast friends, but sometimes as friends will, they disagreed.

Colonel Rice allowed his newspaper to slip silently to the floor, and John Kyle smiled and looked into the glowing fire. He was a man who had seen strange lands, who had dreamed strange dreams.

"I left England," said John Kyle, "with a sad heart. My wife was dead, and my two-year-old son rendered helpless by a horrible disease which had left him almost totally paralyzed for a year. I was in despair. Only the most famous nerve specialist in all Europe was fitted to perform the delicate operation. His fee was enormous—his services made possible only for the rich. But somehow I had to raise the money."

"I left for South Africa, obtained a position where I worked feverishly and before long my store of gold began to grow.—slowly but surely.

"Letters arrived, and the London Hospital demanded money. But at last there was enough in the strong-box, hidden beneath the floor, to meet the demand of the specialist.

"The night before I had left for my last trip to the mountains, a young fellow of twenty or so came into my cabin; said his firm had heard that I was leaving and had sent him to remind me of a bill which was payable the next day. He was a delicate, slender lad, who at one time had been a clerk in a bank. His name I had heard was Pietro. An hour or so after he had left I dug out my strong-box and straightened out all my affairs.

"When I returned from my trip, a cablegram awaited me, which said that an operation was at once necessary for my son, that the specialist demanded his fee, and that I must sail for England immediately.

"As I jerked open the door of my cabin, I at once felt that something was amiss. Fearfully I groped beneath the floor for my strong-box. With trembling fingers I lit a match and dropped it into the hole. The strong-box was gone. Gone too, then, was all hope of saving my son."

"Abruptly it came into my mind that it was Pietro who had taken my money, who had craftily waited at the window until I had dug out my treasure. Later I found out that Pietro had left the country."

A "A week later I sailed for England. I had learned that my son was
R operated on, and then I learned that he had died." He hesitated.

G "And yet," murmured his companion, who seemed much older, and
O who was gazing into the fire, "perhaps—who knows? There is an expla-
S nation somewhere—."

Y

John Kyle sat up. "No," he said, "I have often wondered—it is impossible; the money was stolen and my son died. All my life I have hunted for this man, waiting."

"And you—would you kill that man?" asked the other softly. "I think that when the time came—"

"I would kill him," said John Kyle.

"You know," said Colonel Rice, "there was once a young man who had, like you, his way to make; he sought it as you did, in South Africa. His name does not matter but the fact that he had a very wild brother is of supreme importance. This young brother had the remarkable ability of getting into and out of scrapes, until he began to gamble. So the young man of my story was not at all surprised when the young chap begged him for money. When the young man had learned that he had gambled not only his own money, but a lot of his firm's, he was very angry at first and then was frightened for the boy.

"Now, the young man had learned that an acquaintance of his was possessed of considerable wealth, which could easily be replaced before the acquaintance returned from a lengthy business trip. It was the only way to save a desperate situation and no one would ever know the difference. He took the money and in the meantime the owner of the money returned unexpectedly, and the young man often wondered where he could reach him, and what the cause of his strange disappearance was." He had finished.

As he glanced up, he noticed that his friend was staring at him, his dry lips moving soundlessly.

"Surely, you must be the young man of your story, who borrowed the money to save his brother and love is the greatest thing. Tell me—"

"I," said Colonel Rice, slowly, "am the man they nicknamed 'Pietro'."

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WILFRED A. STEAD,
Resident Manager.

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A Mid-Winter Night's Dream

Mr. Oates has set himself the task of getting personally acquainted with all the students. Giacinti, Cataraneuic, Fedorovitch and Matysiak presented some difficulty, but after wrestling with Zolyomy, Fazekas, Kubici, Kaminiski, Ostrowski, Sidorkiewicz, Bodnariuck, Olejnik, Pajaczkowski, Paolosini, Smith, Kwiatowski, Wisniewski, his slumbers were troubled and he dreamed a dream.

A SMITH, a MILLER and a COOPER were walking one day in the GREENWOOD. They were just passing a BUSI when out popped the ROUGHHEAD of a CARPENTER.

"Who is the BEST," he cried, "KIPLING, MACAULAY or SHAW?"

"KIPLING," shouted the COOPER without PRUDENCE.

"You are wrong," yelled the CARPENTER shaking his KANE. "KIPPLING is a RIDDDEL to me."

The COOPER'S temper began to SOAR. "Don't BLAMEY if I hit you."

They might have come to blows had they not HEARD the BLAIR of a WHITE FORD with BROWN wheels, which was coming along the road. In it were the KING, a man of BRAUN and his BEHRLE CHAMBERLAIN. The CHAMBERLAIN had a NOSEWORTHY of praise. They were on their way to WOODSTOCK, a HARDCastle to reach. It was on a CLIFFE. When the KING saw the men standing in the LANE, he had the chauffeur stop the car.

"Can we PARKER?" asked the KING of the men. It's a BIGRIGG. It came from the BARRACHS.

"Of a SHURETY," replied the COOPER in a LOWE voice.

The chauffeur took out his HUNTER'S horn and blew three blasts. WYLIE was waiting for an answer, he saw a FOX CROSSIN the road ahead. In a few minutes an ARCHER appeared, coming down the BROWNHILL in the WOOD. He was CRAVEN to HUNT a HARTE. The KING and his CHAMBERLAIN invited the three men to come with them into the GLENN with the ARCHER from the GREENWOOD to see what they could catch.

The ROBINS were singing, the SPARROWS were chirping, the MARTINS SOARING, a ROOKE cawed lustily and a HAYES was over all. They saw a BEAVER felling a BIRCH by the babbling BROOKS. The men tramped through the FORREST but no animal could they find. At last they came to the BLACKBURN where a SALMON was leaping. The KING wanted to fish for TROUT but he had no GEAR. Even the BOWMAN'S BARBE was BLUNT.

"Oh, GEE," sighed the KING, "I guess we might as well TURNER round NORTH and go up to the HALL."

They left the three men in the GREEN GROVES beyond the LONGFIELD. Alas! the KING's party did not know the way. They had to WADE through a MARSH and SWALES where a BROWN REED began to PRYKE the CHAMBERLAIN'S FOOTE. However, a FORRESTER came along and led them to DRYLAND.

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There they crossed a CORNFIELD, climbed a HILL and at last came out on a road which ran by the MOORE.

"WATT! A ROADHOUSE!" cried the CHAMBERLAIN and SEAGER were they to get there that they all started to RACE. The ARCHER TAPSON the door. Once inside the CHAMBERLAIN called for the COOK and the BAKER.

"HEYWOOD you like some GOODALE, CAKEBREAD and BUTTERS, Your Majesty? IVAN awful appetite."

"I'd LOVETT," replied the KING as he LADE his GRAY DOLMAN down. "I crave meat SAVORY with PEPPER but COFFIELD taste better. REID the menu, COLLIER order and have them DISHER up. Then KRAKUS some nuts."

The host brought the food on a NICHOL tray.

"Stop HOGGAN the GOODALE, you're on a DYETT," snapped the CHAMBERLAIN to the ARCHER because he was CROSS for his head was AIKEN. "You're not a FREEMAN."

"Don't get MADDEN BEGIN a ROWE. You are MEEHAN, my worthy KNIGHT with your CUTTING remarks, said the KING. "See the ARCHER, a perfect SKELTON, is very MEEK, he EVERSHEDS tears. Besides, he doesn't MERRITT your KNOX. IJUNT me some WOOD so I can WHITTLE."

"He is a HARDMAN to manage," complained the CHAMBERLAIN. We must keep him SOPER. Already his face is as red as a BEATT."

"You ERDMAN," said the KING for he was all for peace. "GLADWELL I be when we're back in the SOUTHALL of the castle. SLATER than I thought."

The host was SHEDDEN tears when the party left. "The KING is a fine GENT," he sobbed. He was a YOUNG MAN and GROSS but his LOVE for the KING was beyond PRICE. He supplied them with horses and helped His Majesty put his FOOTE in the STURRUP.

It was not a very impressive sight as the Royal TRAIN rode off on that SUMMERS afternoon. The KING was a good RYDER. He ROSEN fell in the saddle. He was LUKYN for the castle. The party rode FOSTER and FOSTER. They were certainly not LAGGAN. Soon they saw the BARNS and the OLMSTEAD, the MILLS and the KIRK and then the NORTH GABLE of WOODSTOCK.

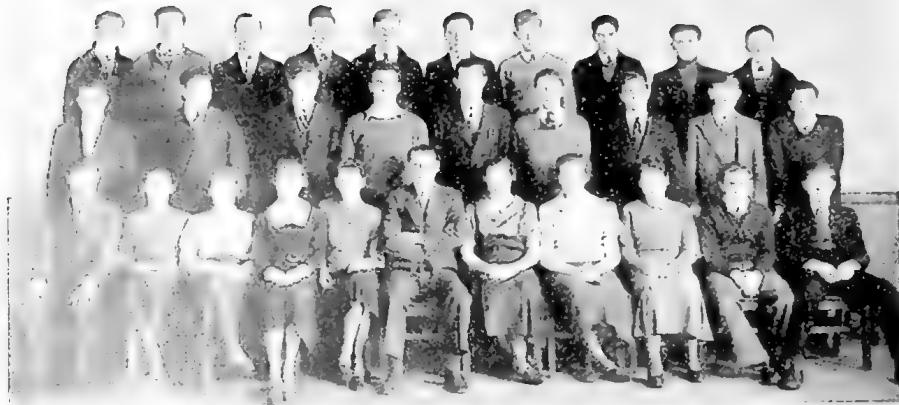
The SARGEANT and the BUTLER were LOBBAN a BALL to the EARL and the BARRON. The EARL was a great LEAPER so he was PANTON from WIFFIN. The BUTLER was shouting like a DEACON. NORMALLY he was not a GAY man. LIT'TLE did he think that he would be seen by the KING. When he saw the party approach, he threw down his racquet and made STRAIGHT for his BOOTH, his STEEL KEYES rattling in his pocket.

"Great SCOTT!" exclaimed the KING. "Can't you WAITE? We're not CROOKS."

"Have a cigarette, Your Majesty," said the EARL, passing him a "GREEN SWAN." "It's a GOODBRAND."

A Just then a FRYER and PRIEST appeared with a BARD and a **R** HARPER. They sat down on the grass. The HARPER played a **G** MELODY on his harp, the FRYER sang a CARROL in a MINER key, **O** "There is a Happy LAND, Far FARRAWAY." Then the PRIEST sang **S** "O-Zolyomy-O," but the BARD did PRECIOUS LITTLE.

Y (Continued on Page 52)



CLASS 3-A

BACK ROW--R. Hayes, B. Anderson, B. Startek, J. McCullough, J. Blair, D. Coffield, V. Williams, B. Simpson, J. Michalluk, J. Moore.
SECOND ROW--J. Dishier, J. Bonvie, J. Davidson, M. Tymchuk, G. Maybrey, M. Kapitan, B. Lowe, G. Gilbart, J. Sargeant.
FIRST ROW--S. Mostacci, F. Brown, D. Baker, D. Tilbury, G. Jackman, Mr. Langford, I. Lenzierek, A. Reid, I. Garshaw, F. Genesee, R. Shaw.



CLASS 3-B

BACK ROW--E. Copland, L. Heywood, M. Weir, J. Beatt, A. Bainbridge, H. Moore, M. Ferguson, B. Raeburn, B. McIsaac, J. Dryland.
SECOND ROW--R. Baxter, D. Apted, R. England, Y. Surety, S. Poltur, E. Miculan, B. Simpson, B. Poltur, L. Marsh, C. McMillan, M. Hodgson.
FIRST ROW--V. Lindsay, I. Cornfield, E. Martin, R. Bechill, Mr. Stewart, M. McGaslin, A. Aitken, G. Dilben, S. Brunton, A. Baxter.

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CLASS 3-C

BACK ROW—M. MacDonald, K. Lenz, F. Elliott, D. Blunt, A. Rowe, H. Terryberry, M. Graham, M. Halcrow, F. Barron, M. Snor, M. Franks.
SECOND ROW—D. King, R. Hawkins, K. Ruppell, N. Marshall, K. Freckleton, A. Gladwell, E. Graham, M. McKeag, B. Black, O. Goodbrand, M. Sholer, D. Fox.
FIRST ROW—A. Behrle, J. Hutchinson, H. Dolling, D. Burrell, Mr. Hudson, B. McAllister, J. Wright, B. Bell, F. Roadhouse, F. Roadhouse.



CLASS 3-D

BACK ROW—M. Tatolan, L. Sargeant, E. McCreadie, B. Gay, I. Wright, B. Breckenbridge, J. Carey, J. Heap, L. Kaufman, F. Panton, J. Helm.
SECOND ROW—M. Kaseman, S. Davidson, G. Rochkin, F. Bannerman, B. Hamilton, I. Brown, R. Hosking, J. Irwin, E. Toth, F. Welton, L. Wilson, B. Woodstock.
FIRST ROW—P. Overholt, R. Rogers, A. Ritchie, A. Groff, Miss McColl, M. Perryman, V. Read, L. Cattaruck, C. Keyes.

Second Form Story

LIFE BEGINS AT EIGHT-TWENTY

Jack McGuire, 2-F

"Jack, get up; it's eight o'clock!"

What's that? . . . Do I hear someone calling me? Surely it can't be time to get up! Why, I went to sleep just a short time ago! Serenely I place my head under the pillow to shut out those most annoying, disturbing sounds and drift away again into deep, satisfying slumber.

A-a-h! Sweet dreams . . . clear blue sky . . . sparkling water . . . California breeze . . . Oh! Why, someone is calling me. I don't think I know anyone down here.

"Ja-a-ck! Get up; it's twenty past eight!!!"

Ah me, it's that disturbing voice again! Slowly I roll over. Let me see . . . eight-twenty . . . Monday morning . . . that means school, doesn't it? Why, of course, that means school . . . and it means, too, that I have to get up . . . It's back to the old routine for me . . .

What a day! Foggy, drizzly, sloppy weather. And Monday morning. Isn't blue Monday bad enough **without** murky weather? Say, can't that clock stop for a while? It's eight-thirty already. That means dressing in fireman style and tearing through breakfast by eight-thirty-five.

Kid sisters are nuisances, aren't they? . . . always wanting the second section of the morning paper where the funnies are . . . But that's the sports section, too!

"Here, give me that paper; you've more time than I have." . . . "I won't." . . . "You will!" . . . "Won't, won't!!" . . . "Won't you?"

Ah, let me see . . . what's this? So Jackson scored two more for the Leafs in Detroit last night, eh? Must read this account . . . it will take only a minute anyway . . . Hainsworth stops a sizzler . . . Horner gets the rebound . . . passes it to Conacher . . . the Kid line tear up the ice . . . pass from Conacher to Primeau to Jackson . . . Jackson shoots . . . the twine bulges . . . the light goes . . . and . . .

What's that? Why, Mom, it can't be eighteen minutes to nine? Oh, well, I'm not hungry. Never mind the toast . . . I'll make up for it at noon . . . Where are my gloves, Mom? Oh, I guess maybe I put them in the kitchen; they were on top of my books. Did anyone see my books? . . . Pesky kid sisters again . . . always putting books and gloves and things where a fellow can't find them when he's in a hurry.

Oh!—oh!—oh! Sixteen minutes to nine!!! Out of the house at last! Had I better take a bus? No, I think I can make it if I hurry . . . H'mm, not many in sight . . . better step it up . . . Well, I'm about half-way there . . . I think those are a few Commercialites I see down the street . . . but they're some distance away . . . and they are scarce . . . Guess I'd better sprint these last few blocks . . .

Ah, Sanford and Cannon! . . . Alack and alas, nobody in sight! . . . Surely lack of breakfast and that run aren't getting me? . . . I see pink before my eyes . . . Can it be? . . . Or no, it's that red card that will be presented to me if I'm late! . . . My imagination is certainly playing tricks with my eyesight . . .

Inside the building! Hurrah!! Why, the clock says it's only two minutes to nine! I could have made it without that extra dash . . . or perhaps I mightn't have . . . it's a long way up to the third floor and these stairs seem to get bigger and bigger when you're taking them three at a time . . . And this pesky lock won't open as usual . . . Must I plead with it? . . . Open Sesame!! . . . please!!! . . . Ah, at last!!!!

But, after all, I'm doing pretty well this morning . . . why, here I am sitting down before that infernal machine, the typewriter, before the final bell has rung . . . Ho-hum, now we're off for another day after again beating the clock by seconds.

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- GIRL'S - ATHLETICS.

Audrey Hill, 3-E

Another year has gone by the board since you last heard from us, and now we shall let the log of our Argosy tell how our crews have sailed the course of sports while we have been away.

Tumbling started early, with a full sail and a stiff breeze. Miss FitsSimons enlisted mates to help her steer clearly and smoothly. Those who already knew the ropes were taken on: Marie Hackwell, Clara Swales, Ethel Toth,

Jean Wright and Audrey Hill being the chosen ones. The breeze dropped a little after the first few weeks, but we forged ahead steadily, with one work-out a week and special classes for those second-in-command. Our captain manned the helm well, and we found no signs of mutiny. Last year we gave a systematic display on Empire Day, which will be improved on and repeated in May at the King's Jubilee.

Another good ship started out on the basketball route. Longboat crews from each class, under command of seasoned mates, competed amongst themselves, but the final issue is still in the offing. 3-B and Special B will play off for the senior championship. Last year 2-B won the school championship. From all these, with some tacking, came the real school crew, which straightened out their ship on her course and headed for the goal of city championship with all hands on deck. Headway in training is being made steadily, but there is a long trip before they reach port. So far they have lost their games in the first series. The least said of this the better, but the future is still to be faced. Good luck, mateys!

Badminton launched a small yacht this year, and is taking a pleasure cruise with social entertainments. Those in charge are D. Hogg, G. Jackman, J. Tregunno and B. Nixon.

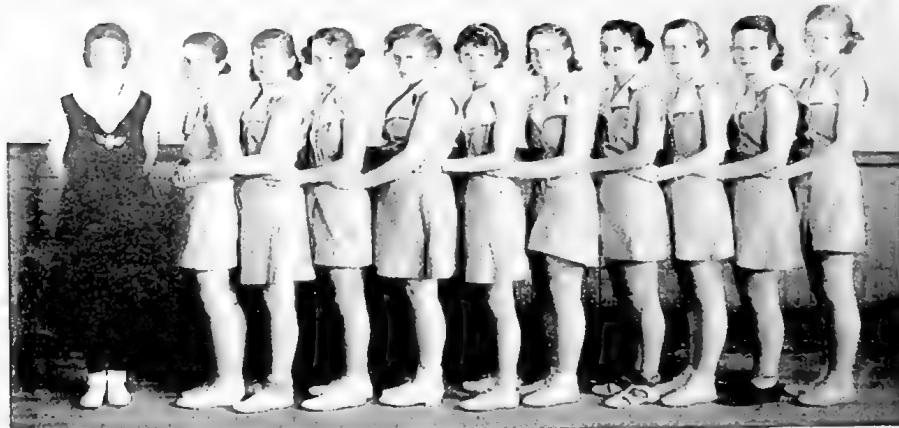
Volleyball has already reached home harbour, with 3-B team at the head. Although the others were not victorious, they struggled hard and well, giving excitement at times, and we hope the future bears no shipwrecks for this one phase of sport, which is not so well known as basketball. Commerce entered and keenly contested the volleyball tournaments held in November at Central Collegiate and on our home deck. 3-B seem all-round athletes, and here is their volleyball team: H. Moore, G. Dibben, S. Bourbon, A. Bainbrdige, J. Dryland, E. Summers, M. Nicholson, B. Poltur, E. Niculer, M. Hodgson, M. Weir, and D. Apted.

A **R** **G** **O** **S** **Y** **Marie Hackwell, Ethel Toth and Audrey Hill were put at the wheel during noon hours, when the gymnasium was open for ambitious girls.**

Things are going well, with a clear horizon and no cross-currents. May we leave you now with bright hopes for the futures of our girls, and good wishes of easy sailing for yourselves on all the seven seas.

GIRLS' SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Miss FitzSimons, Audrey Groff, Eleanor Blatz, Ethel Toth, Eva Marlow, Margaret Davey, Betty Hamilton, Edna Derry, Betty Galashan. Absent: Bertha Brock.



GIRLS' JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Miss FitzSimons, Mae Weir, Mildred Perryman, Vimy Read, Jean Dryland, Hazel Dolling, Sara Poltur, Gertie Rochkin, Lois Whittendale, Phyllis Cooper, Marjorie Hodgson.

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Greased Lightning

Isabella Douglas, 4-A

On your mark—get set—Go!

Two hands suddenly become many flying fingers speeding to the four corners of a keyboard, each with a destination, and when reached, on they travel to other keys. Words form, soon to become sentences but there is no stopping of the pounding. Paragraph after paragraph of typewritten characters blossom out upon the once barren paper, and soon the page is completely filled. With the same suddenness of starting, now the fingers cease to fly and all is quiet—the task is finished.

In typing, like everything else, speed is essential. A slight delay may result in the loss of an important order in the modern-day business world which doesn't know the meaning of the word "wait". Something else is necessary also—accuracy. Without that there is no use for speed. Mistakes are in the same class as dynamite when danger is concerned. The cost of one error may run into a miniature war debt figure. Carelessness on the part of someone can nearly always be traced as the cause of the mistake.

The way to attain speed and accuracy and all the good points of business is to start at the beginning when study and work are concerned. A person learning to play a musical instrument, not including the kazoo, if that can be termed as one, will not pick it up casually and commence to play a tune without any knowledge of that instrument. Of course not. He will be taught the fundamentals of music and the correct way to hold the instrument first. Slowly and gradually the "now popular" person will learn to play. The same system should be applied to typing and other business courses.

When interest begins to wane a little and progress becomes somewhat stagnant, then is the time for you to place a little determination and "never say 'die'" spirit into your work. Practice hard and soon you will be surprised that things are coming easier for you and the battle has been nearly won.

It was only fifty years ago that the Canadian Pacific Railway was stretched across Canada that changed the rabbit-infested prairies into the nations' granary. To-day streamlined trains zoom along the rails at one hundred miles per hour. Quite a difference in the speed yesterday and to-day, but what of to-morrow?

Sir Malcolm Campbell, holder of the land speed record has travelled along the famous beach at Daytona at the terrific speed of four miles a minute, but this year, 1935, he hopes to better three hundred miles an hour.

In aviation, records topple every day. A Frenchman recently zipped through the cloudless sky at the rate of seven miles a minute, and in America a coast-to-coast flight takes less than twelve hours. Breakfast in Los Angeles, supper in New York. On the water, this year promises to be a history-maker. Huge liners are to be launched and rushed to all ports.

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Y In travel, as in present-day business, speed is necessary, but it must be under control. Controlled speed brings correctness and results to business just as it brings safety and passengers to travel systems.

Poetry



THOUGHTS

When, at home, by the fireside you sit,
And bright thoughts crowd your mind.
The ugly thoughts are crushed away,
To leave room for the kind.

You look into the leaping flames,
Which represents fiery thoughts,
And wonder if, by any chance,
Their thoughts are kind. Why not?

But listen while I tell a secret,
A secret guarded by flames.
If your thoughts are selfish, grasping,
and cruel,
Their thoughts are often the same.

If your thoughts are pure and innocent,
Fragrant as a summery breeze.
The flames will try to reflect them,
By dancing and jumping with ease.

There are other thoughts which are
shown.
In the same easy, wonderful way.
And if your thoughts should be revealed,
Be sure they're portrayed bright and gay.

—Gladys Dibben, 3-B.

TO ONE I LOVE

You are the Missing Word I cannot find,
The autumn sunset and the summer
wind:

You are a flower in the vale of youth;
And since you are all beauty, you are
truth.

There is sweet music in your voice that
brings
Back memory of once forgotten things.
Your smile brings untold joy to all who
see.

Oh, happy day, the day you smiled at me.

And if your golden hair should turn to
grey,

You'll be more lovely in a different way,
To you, my Marianne, I pledge this vow,
That I shall love you then as I do now.

—B. G.

(23)

"LAUGHTER"

Fill your life with laughter,
The foundation of the soul;
Let your heart be carefree
Like billows, while they roll.

Cast away your sorrows.
Don't dwell on your despairs,
Fill your home with sunshine
And not with gloomy cares.

Let disappointments float away
Like bubbles in the air.
A gusty wind will blow along
And leave but laughter there.

For laughter is the foothold
On which we base our life,
And were it not for laughter
There'd be nought but bitter strife.

So laugh your troubles all away.
No matter where you be.
At home, at school, at work, or play,
Make life continuous glee.

—M. Keyte, 2-C.

THE RECKONING

Yes, honey, there will be a kite,
To sail in Heaven, and there might
Be marbles and perhaps a drum,
And soldiers for my little one.

You would not miss much on this earth,
But way up there with newer birth,
You'll be a saint because you missed
The things we mortals can't resist.

Please God, if it is not too much
To ask of You, my boy is such
A little chap, a heavy crown
Might not become his childish frown.

I must be brave, not shed a tear
Upon your bed, oh dearest dear,
I love you so, you'll never know,
But God decrees it, you must go.

You do not hear? My brain is numb,
My heart is still; the Angels come
To take you far away from me,
Oh, God, is this the penalty?

—B. G.

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Fourth Form Story

THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA

Laura J. Edgcomb, 4-A

Having lived next door to the Harker place for nearly ten years, I calculate that I know just as much about the case as anybody else on earth, including old Silas Baker who was my neighbour.

It was in the spring of '98—the year that Cy Watson's oldest boy was married to Rachael Smith—that there came along a book agent selling volumes, and having had them recommended by the minister and councillors, he did a great deal of business in our part of the country. His name was Lemuel Higgins, and he was as likely a talker as I ever heard, barring Lawyer Conkey. Everybody knew that when Conkey was around, he talked so fast that you couldn't understand half of what he said.

One of the first of our folks that this Lemuel Higgins struck was John Harker. John had just married Clara Peasley and had moved into the old homestead which old Deacon Harker had left to him since the other sons had moved out west.

John was doing well now and nothing was too good for him.

"Clara," said he, "I guess I'll have to lay in a few books for reading in the winter time, and I've half a notion to subscribe for an Encyclopaedia. Mr. Higgins, here, said they're invaluable in a family."

"Well, John," answered Clara woefully, "you know the harvest hasn't been up to much this year, and we might be needing the money for other things around the house. You know I need a bonnet and dress, and those curtains in the front room are a disgrace; but please yourself, John; if you think you can afford it, why go ahead."

To make a long story short, John bargained with Mr. Higgins for a set of Encyclopaedias, and he signed his name to a long printed paper that showed that he agreed to take an Encyclopaedia every so often, which was to be as often as a new one was published. Now these Encyclopaedias were printed far enough apart so as to hit the folks once every year or two—generally around harvest time. However, John signed the paper, and signed it before old Judge Henry.

The first volume stood on a shelf in the sitting room for nearly two months before they had any use for it. One night Squire Turner's son came over to visit John and Clara, and they started talking about apples. John said that the Tallman Sweet was the best, but Clara and Turner said that the King was even better. They argued for some time until John thought of the Encyclopaedia: "We'll leave it to the Encyclopaedia! Whichever one it says is the best will settle it."

"But you can't find anything about Tallman or King apples in our volume," said Clara.

"Why not, I'd like to know?" replied John indignantly.

"'Cause ours hasn't got down to the T or K yet," said Clara. "All ours tells about is things beginning with A."

"Well, aren't we talking about Apples?" asked John. "You aggravate me, Clara, by insisting on knowing what you don't know anything about."

John went to the shelf, got the volume; and hunted all through it for Apples, but all he could find was "Apple—s ee Trees."

"How in the thunder can I see Trees," roared John, "when there ain't no Trees to see?"

As he set the volume back on the shelf disgustedly, he vowed never

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Y to look into it again.

That was the way it went for years and years, John always having to buy a new volume whenever it came out. He would have given up the bargain, but he couldn't; he had signed a printed paper and swore to it before the judge.

And to make matters worse, the books always showed up at a time when John was hard up. His barn burnt down two nights before the volume C arrived, and John needed all his money to buy new lumber for the new barn. Therefore, Clara went to the market with eggs, and managed to make enough to pay for the C volume.

Now at the time, John had a sick cow and decided to look up the volume he had just received to see what he could do for it. So, getting down the volume, he started to read about cows, but all it told him was—"Cows—see Zoology."

So the years passed by, the odd volume showing up now and then—sometimes every two years and sometimes every three years, but always at a time when John found it hard to dig up a "fiver." It was no use talking to Higgins because he only laughed at him. Meantime John's little daughter, Sarey, was down with the Whooping Cough but the Encyclopaedia didn't do any good, because all it said was—"Hooping Cough—see Whooping Cough"—and, of course, they didn't have volume W at the time.

But what's the use of talking and thinking of such things? John got so far that after a while the Encyclopaedia didn't worry him at all. The only thing that bothered him was the fear that he wouldn't live long enough to see the last volume. As a matter of fact, I've heard him talk of it many a time while he was sitting around the stove at the back of Jim Leland's store playing cards with the boys. Lemuel Higgins, the book agent, had died after a prolonged illness. His son, Hiram, succeeded him and continued to visit the "folks his old man had roped in."

As time went on John just sat around and watched the road for the book agent. He wanted everything straightened out before he passed away.

Well, I happened to be at the house the day Y came. He was so overjoyed that he fell over in a fit of paralysis, and never got over it. For the next three years he sat around in his wheel-chair but he couldn't hold out much longer. Finally he took to his bed and made them move it to the window so he could look for the last volume.

The end came one balmy day in the spring of 1912. Old John knew he was done for, but it seemed that he was hanging on for that last volume. As he looked out the window he brightened up when he saw the book agent coming up the road.

Higgins was shown in and he himself seemed a little aged.

"Here's the Z volume, Mr. Harker," he said.

Old man Harker took the book and gave Higgins the "fin" in exchange.

John had now received the last volume, which he had vowed to get, and with Clara there beside him he passed on. Clara still has the set and if you should by chance be passing the house, drop in and Mrs. Harker will be only too pleased to let you look them over.



CLASS 4-A

BACK ROW—L. Douglas, M. Parker, D. Renshaw, M. Craven, M. Smith, J. Taylor.
SECOND ROW—M. Smith, A. Smyth, C. Swales, J. Parmenter, M. McBride, M. Intine, J. Barnett, M. Moffatt, B. Gable.
FIRST ROW—H. Bentley, M. Hackwell, H. Atkins, F. Fraser, Miss Wilson, O. Jones, A. Miner, L. Edgecomb.



CLASS 3-E

BACK ROW—E. Harrison, B. Brock, G. Giacinti, D. Hutchinson, E. Lampman, M. Yaremko.
SECOND ROW—A. Hill, H. Kniffen, L. Ruddell, A. Gauld, G. Macaulay, J. Tosian, M. Chamberlain, R. Tunstead, M. Hefferman.
FIRST ROW—D. Williamson, H. Ross, V. Semsey, M. Laker, Miss Ferguson, M. Bechill, G. Bolus, I. Flett, M. Richardson.

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CLASS SPECIAL B

FRONT ROW—J. Montgomery, P. Evoy, M. Nixon, L. Baldwin, M. Cochrane, I. Lees.

I. Bursty, I. Pitt, H. Pleski, M. Ross, A. Pepper.

SECOND ROW—D. Pepper, K. Little, M. O'Sullivan, M. Schmeler, B. Brown, L. Cohen.

H. Rickaby, A. Pett, M. Groves, B. Galashan, I. Brandon, E. Baker, E. Jerome.

F. Steele, G. Smith.

THIRD ROW—D. Silke, M. Carrigan, A. Konezawski, M. Donaldson, B. Boaden, E.

Darlington, M. Davey, V. Pickard, N. Ashley, J. Tregunno, L. Young, R. Little,

M. Gunton, M. Burnett, E. Blatz.



BOYS' SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

BACK ROW—B. Harris, Yaremko, B. Startek, P. MacInerney, D. Hutchinson, H. Gray,
J. Bonvie, R. O'Neal, E. Lampman.
FRONT ROW—G. GlacIntl, K. Annan, S. Kirk.

BOYS' JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

BACK ROW—M. Yaremko, Swan, J. Shaw, J. Brown, D. Hutchinson, D. Begin, Mc-
Carthy, M. Dawson, E. Lampman.
FRONT ROW—E. Timmins, E. Hall, F. Grice.



BOYS' ATHLETICS

Mike Yaremko, 3-E

*Win or lose what's the odds?—there
are more games to play;
Down this time—up to-morrow—or some
other day;
In sport—in life—it sums up the same;
The only real joy comes from "Playing
the Game!"*

Throughout the season of 1934-35 students of Commerce have, by their sportsmanship, shown that, winning or losing, Commerce possesses the spirit of "Playing the Game." In the different lines of sport such as rugby, hockey, and basketball the boys have carried Commerce colours close to the front. Water-polo was introduced into our sports circle and by the enthusiasm of the aquatic boys Commerce may expect great results from this sport.

RUGBY

When the call was sent out for candidates for the senior team, the number who turned out was gratifying to Coach Arnott. Rapidly whipped into shape, the senior team prepared itself for a strenuous season. Faltering a little by losing two games, the team recovered quickly to win three of the remaining games. On the backfield Leggat, Nichols, and Hallford performed brilliantly, with the rest of the players turning in very snappy work at their various positions.

Line-up—Half-backs, Leggat, Hallford, Galashan, Nichols, Kapitan; quarter, J. Banting, Merrit; insides, Taranuck, Mowatt, D. Banting; middles, McQueen, Matysiak, McKay; outsides, McHugh, Brandon Yaremko, Pagalia, Bird; flying wing, Rogers, Annan; snap, Hutton, Tymchuk; manager, Geo. Smith.

Games — Cathedral, Central, Delta, Grimsby, Burlington, Westdale.

The junior team was entered in the Interscholastic schedule, and they put up a very creditable showing, considering the age and lack of experience in the squad. Throughout the whole season they fought tirelessly, and among the outstanding players were Kapitan, Savory, Clark.

Line-up—Half-backs, Bennets, Brown, Kapitan (captain); insides, Bonvie, Cherrington; middles, Shaw, Waugh; outsides, Kemping, Grice; flying wing, Annan; snap, McKay; manager, D. Banting.

Games—Cathedral, Central, Westdale, Delta.

HOCKEY

At the first blast of hoary winter the hockey aspirants came out to the Arena. With increasing co-operation in their practices, they faced the oncoming battles with reasonable confidence. Lacking in weight and experience, the boys went on the ice, and although they lost most of their games, they always displayed a good spirit in defeat. The season's stars proved to be Pepper, Hallford and Savory, and it is with such players, and others in development, that Commerce confidently faces the future in school hockey.

Line-up—Goal, Anderson, Leggat; defence, Hallford, Savory, Banting; centre, Bennets and Mowatt; wings, Pepper, Harrington, Morgan, Matysiak, Moore, Shaw.

Games—A double schedule with Central, Technical, and Westdale (six games).

BASKETBALL

At the opening of the season, candidates for both senior and junior teams were unanimous in their approval when Dave Hutchinson accepted the duties of coaching. Dave proceeded to mould them into two hard-working teams.

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Field Day

E. Ford, 2-B

For a few weeks Manson's and the other sporting goods stores had a great rush of business and nearly sold out their stocks of track clothes. Around the school could be seen scantily clad persons hurrying in the direction of the campus. Why all this rush and bustle? Field Day was approaching. Though many of these brave athletes nearly froze, they had to practise, for each and every one styled himself the prospective winner of some event.

At last the eventful day arrived and a steady stream of parcel-laden youths could be seen making their way towards Scott's Park. Everything went well, hopes rose and fell, ambitions were attained and lost.

Mr. Manson was the official starter and the staff did the judging and recording. We were also honoured with a visit from Dr. DePetri, Italy's hope in the world amateur walking race.

The cups were presented to their respective winners under warmer circumstances, at the Annual Commencement, by Mr. J. C. Callaghan.

Jean Cooke, who has starred lately in ladies' hockey circles, turned in a splendid performance to win the Senior Girls' trophy.

Intermediate honours went to the speedy Jean Elliott, and the top-ranking Junior was Nancy Brown.

In the boys' events Jack McGuire showed streamlined heels to his opponents by sufficient margin to earn him the Senior silverware. The Intermediate cup was won by John Falloon after close competition. Gordon Brown, curly-headed seraph of the First Form, was placed highest among the Juniors.

In spite of the chilly weather it was a great track meet as spectators and competitors testified, even if they signified their pleasure through chattering teeth. So here's hoping for warmer weather and an equally successful Field Day next year.

which, however, were a little short in actual playing experience. Unfortunately we lost out to Delta in the right to represent the district. Consistent scorers throughout the season were "Babe" Giacinti and "Stew" Kirk.

The Juniors produced a very good brand of basketball, and their games were keenly fought from start to finish. The steady performers were Brown, Field and Hall, although much credit must be given to the others who attempted to put their team to the fore. They played the same schedule as the Seniors.

There is a wealth of material in the House League, where many of the boys are getting their introduction to the game, and the rapid development of the teams in all sections promises well for coming school teams. Appreciation, too, may be shown here to the efforts of "Teener" Harris in helping Dave in the coaching duties.

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Senior Line-up—Forwards, Kirk, Giacinti, Gray, Startek, Bonvie; centre, O'Neal; defence, Annan, McInerney, Yaremko.

Junior Line-up—Forwards, Hall, Brown, Field, Swan, Timmins, Simpson; centre, Dawson, Begin; defence, Shaw, McCarthy, Annan.

WATER-POLO

The formation of the Water-Polo Club was received with great approval by the boys who were interested in participating in aquatic sports. Under the able coaching of Mr. Holmes, the team has turned in a surprisingly good account of itself for the first year of existence. Leggat and Gillen have contributed largely to the good showing.

Line-up—Goal, Tymchuk, Galashan; wings, Banting, Giacinti, Johnson, Hallford, Leggat; defence, Yaremko, Straight.



WATER-POLO TEAM

BACK ROW—M. Johnston, D. Banting, J. Halford, M. Tymchuk, C. Bird, E. Gillen, W. Galashan, G. Gray.

FRONT ROW—M. Yaremko, A. Marlow, G. Giacinti, J. Banting.

HOCKEY TEAM

BACK ROW—M. Tymchuk, J. Brandon, D. Pepper, D. Banting, W. Halford, W. Galashan, G. Mowat, J. Banting, M. Kapitan.

FRONT ROW—J. Moore, R. Shaw, W. Bennetto, B. Anderson, J. Morgan, M. Matysiak, J. Harrington.

IN FRONT—E. Hall and G. Smith.



BOYS' SOCCER

BACK ROW—B. Harris, W. L. Smith, J. Bonvie, R. O'Neal, L. L. Ladd
FRONT ROW—G. Giacinti, R. L. Ladd

BOYS' VOLLEYBALL

BACK ROW—M. Yaremko, Swartz, J. C. Carty, M. Dawson, E. L. Murphy
FRONT ROW—E. Timmins, E. Hall, W. C. Carty



SPECIAL C

BACK ROW—F. De Filippo, G. Ranall, J. Aldr, J. Cakebread, J. McCann, F. Sturrup,
J. MacInerney, H. Hannon, P. O'Sullivan, J. Fenton.
SECOND ROW—F. Freeman, D. Rosenberg, J. Ranall, W. Kwiatkowski, R. O'Neal,
J. Hutton, D. Hogg, G. Lovett, W. Galashan, J. Taranuck.
FIRST ROW—S. Matyslak, A. Marlow, L. Fletcher, R. Harding, Miss Wood, D. Mulrhead,
M. MacDougal, J. McKeen, G. Muldoon.



BOYS' SENIOR RUGBY TEAM

BACK ROW—J. Banting, K. Annan, J. Taranuck, J. Hutton, J. Lucas, J. Halford,

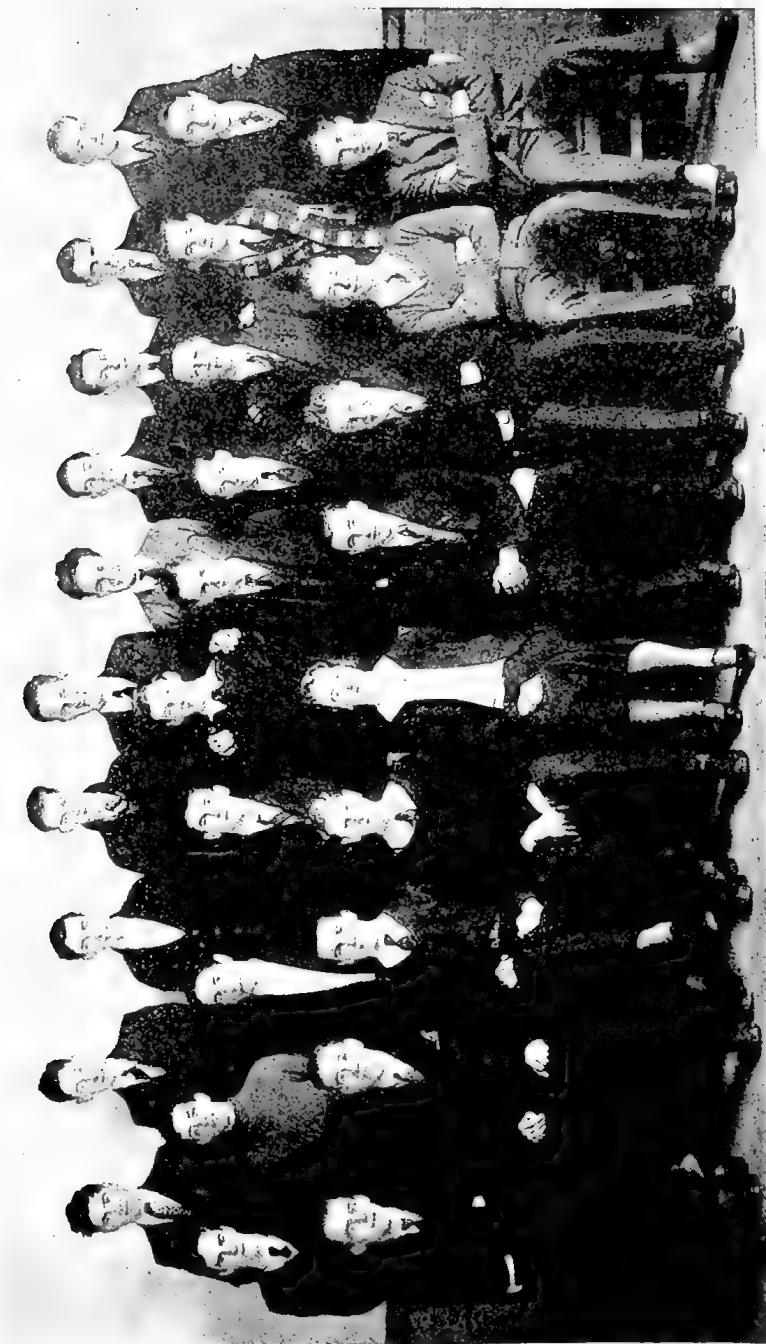
D. Banting, J. Brandon, P. McHugh, G. Smith, Mr. Lishman.

FRONT ROW—W. Galashan, C. Bird, W. Pagieala, M. Tymchuk, M. Kapitan, M. Matysiak, B. Startek, M. Yaremko, G. Smith (mascot).

BOYS' JUNIOR RUGBY TEAM

BACK ROW—D. Banting, W. Frank, C. Durham, R. Clark, K. Annan, G. Mowat (trainer), Beck, Cherrington, F. Genesee, Mr. Lishman.

FRONT ROW—F. Grice, W. Bennetts, J. Waugh, M. Kapitan, B. Brown, A. Burt, E. Straight, J. Shaw, J. Fedorovitch (mascot).



SPECIAL C

BACK ROW—F. De Filippo, G. Ranalli, J. Aird, J. Cakebread, J. McCann, F. Sturup,
J. MacInerney, H. Hannon, P. O'Sullivan, J. Fenton.
SECOND ROW—F. Freeman, D. Rosenberg, J. Ranalli, W. Kwiatkowski, R. O'Neal,
J. Hutton, D. Hogg, G. Lovett, W. Galahan, J. Tarantuck.
FIRST ROW—S. Matyslak, A. Marlow, L. Fletcher, R. Harding, Miss Wood, D. Muirhead,
M. Macdougall, J. McKeen, G. Muldoon.

Debating and Oratory

Amy Pepper, Sp. B.

*"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us,
Footprints in the sands of time."*

—Longfellow.

Demosthenes stands in the front rank of the oratory of over two thousand years. He was a simple Greek boy, who, through his own perseverance and determination, won for himself the ability to sway thousands by his fluent speech.

Demosthenes knew what it was to be laughed at and ridiculed. At his first appearance before the assembly the people saw an awkward youth, weak in voice, defective in articulation, wanting in wit and not prepossessing in appearance. However, he set out to overcome these defects; he perfected his articulation by speaking with pebbles in his mouth; he corrected awkwardness by practising gestures before the mirror, and he recited, while running up-hill, to strengthen his voice. No claim was made by him to extempore speaking—but all his speeches were prepared with the greatest care. “Thus he became master of a style which is accepted as a type of clear, direct, and effective oratory.”

Debating and oratory, under the able direction of the English teachers at Commerce, has formed an important part of the school curriculum. In the finals of the oratorical contest of the first form—1-M was successful in defeating 1-D. The participants and subjects were as follows:

1-D—Margaret Clark, “Coffee”; Margaret Boland, “Helen Keller”; Irene Brown, “Radium”. 1-M—Dorothy Rubens, “History of Music”; Dorothy Thoday, “War”; Daphne Underhill, “The Horse”.

An oratorical contest was also engaged in, in the second form. 2-E won their group and competed with 2-B in the finals on the topic, “Resolved that printing has contributed more to mankind than any other invention.” 2-E won. The students of the third, fourth and special forms seemed to prefer debating for contest purposes. 3-E won from 4-A on the subject, “Resolved that the rules of simplified spelling should be adopted.” In the special forms Special C won from Special B on the subject, “Resolved that the League of Nations is a white elephant.” The winners on both these debates had the affirmative side.

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COMMERCE'S INTER-SCHOLASTIC DEBATING TEAMS

Amy Pepper, Russ O'Neal, Jack MacInerney, Mary O'Sullivan.

In the inter-school debating league, Mary O'Sullivan and Russel O'Neal won in the first round. Their opponents were of Central Collegiate, where the debate took place. The question discussed was, "Resolved that the chain store system is detrimental to the best interests of the Canadian people," with Mary and Russel capably upholding the negative side. The second round was held in the Technical School auditorium, it being our home debate. The subject was, "Resolved that Germany was justified in formulating and practising her present foreign and domestic economic policies." The negative, Cathedral High School, won against Amy Pepper and Jack McInerney, of Commerce High School.

Public speaking and debating are extremely helpful for two reasons: First, through delving into the material, our knowledge of events, past and present, is greatly increased; secondly, the fact that we are given an opportunity of overcoming self-consciousness in speaking before people—one of the most valuable assets a person could have in business and social life. Therefore, if you have any aspirations in the direction of debating and oratory, by all means, follow them. And, also, what is almost more important, if you think you have an excuse in shyness or awkwardness, start now to overcome these by participating in your class, form and school contests. REMEMBER you, too, can do as well as Demosthenes did!

Design for Graduates



What is expected of a commercial graduate in the business world to-day? The average student has only a general, and probably rather hazy, reply to make to that question; he or she has not put sufficient thought into the matter of requisites to formulate a definite, clear-cut answer when the question is asked. In order to get a clear, first-hand conception of the requirements and to obtain criticism and suggestions, two of the editorial staff interviewed or contacted several men in Hamilton, who are prominent both in and out of their own calling, and asked them various questions. Opinions differ slightly on some points, but throughout all the statements there runs a series of predominant requisites which the student would do well to study carefully.

Mr. Beley, Royal Bank branch manager, gave us the following reply in response to our question, "What requisites should a High School of Commerce graduate possess on entering commercial life?"

"First of all, you want a desire to enter commercial life. You want to be interested in it; you have to be adapted to it. You must have the characteristics of being punctual, loyal to your employer and the company, and in our business—friendly with the public.

"Make an effort to increase your vocabulary and your English. Letters must be put on the paper nicely and be grammatically correct. A girl wants to have initiative in this case to notice possible errors or slips and correct them."

Then we asked Mr. Beley what subject in our curriculum he considered most important in his own business, and he answered, "Economics ought to be studied as well as Commercial Law and English."

* * * * *

Mr. Matthewman, manager of the Mohawk Mills, stated in reply to our standard question on requirements: "What I am looking for are specialists. If a student is going to go in for bookkeeping, concentrate on bookkeeping. My ideas all run to specialists. Incidentally, I use all female labour in my office.

"Punctuality is the most important characteristic—accuracy the prime requisite. Neatness and efficiency in your own line are very important. Personal neatness is to be stressed. But I would remind you that a business office should not be turned into a fashion show.

"Penmanship and arithmetic are of prime importance in my estimation. Whatever line of business you go into, handwriting and mathematics are essential. Half the students I come in contact with now can't write properly."

* * * * *

From Mr. Henry, registrar of McMaster University, we obtained both the academic and commercial requisites.

"As far as our own office is concerned, we really try to get people with either junior or senior matriculation. We want a person who is bright, neat, honest, hard-working and with plenty of initiative. You should have a broad, general education.

"For those who wish to take our economics or commercial law courses here we would advise that they emphasize the cultural subjects such as English, and history—and, of course, the economics and law courses in your curriculum."

* * * * *

We were fortunate in securing a message from Mr. Russell T. Kelley, advertising expert, Vice-President of the Advertising Club of Hamilton, President of the Hamilton Chamber of Commerce, and a familiar figure in the sports life of this city:

"From time to time young men or young women come to our office seeking a connection—few, if any, have sat down and carefully considered what may take place in the interview. They have no plan, and in this world none of us will get very far without a plan. Definite qualifications in obtaining a position with our organization are integrity, willingness to work, not just specified hours but long hours when called upon—this is necessary because advertising has its rush and slack seasons—tidiness, thoroughness, ability to handle details."

* * * * *

Mr. Kelley not only voiced the above opinion, but very kindly contacted for us two other business men, who are at the head of two great industries in Hamilton. They are William H. Funston, Jr., President of the Firestone Company, and Mr. N. S. Braden, Vice-President of the Canadian Westinghouse.

(Continued on Page 62)

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Alma Pryke, 2-C

TEA DANCES

Due to the splendid management of Mr. Foucar and the executive of the Social Committee, consisting of E. Lampman, President; B. Hamilton, Vice-President; J. Murray, Secretary; H. Simpson, D. Hastings, V. Reid, and B. Havers, the High School of Commerce have already greatly enjoyed the pleasure of three tea dances.

On October 24th the first tea dance of the year, held in the spacious girls' gymnasium of the school, drew over 400 students and their friends from neighbouring high schools. The music was supplied by Nels Dickson and his boys; and punch was served to quench the thirst of those on the dance floor.

Our second tea dance, held on December 4th, was attended by Fred Arthur's orchestra, whose smart musical arrangements added much to the success of the dance. Under the able guidance of Mr. Foucar, a small floor show was given.

On February 8th, our third tea dance, attended by over 460 persons, was held, with Fred Arthur and his boys again in power. Everyone seemed to enjoy the music and dancing.

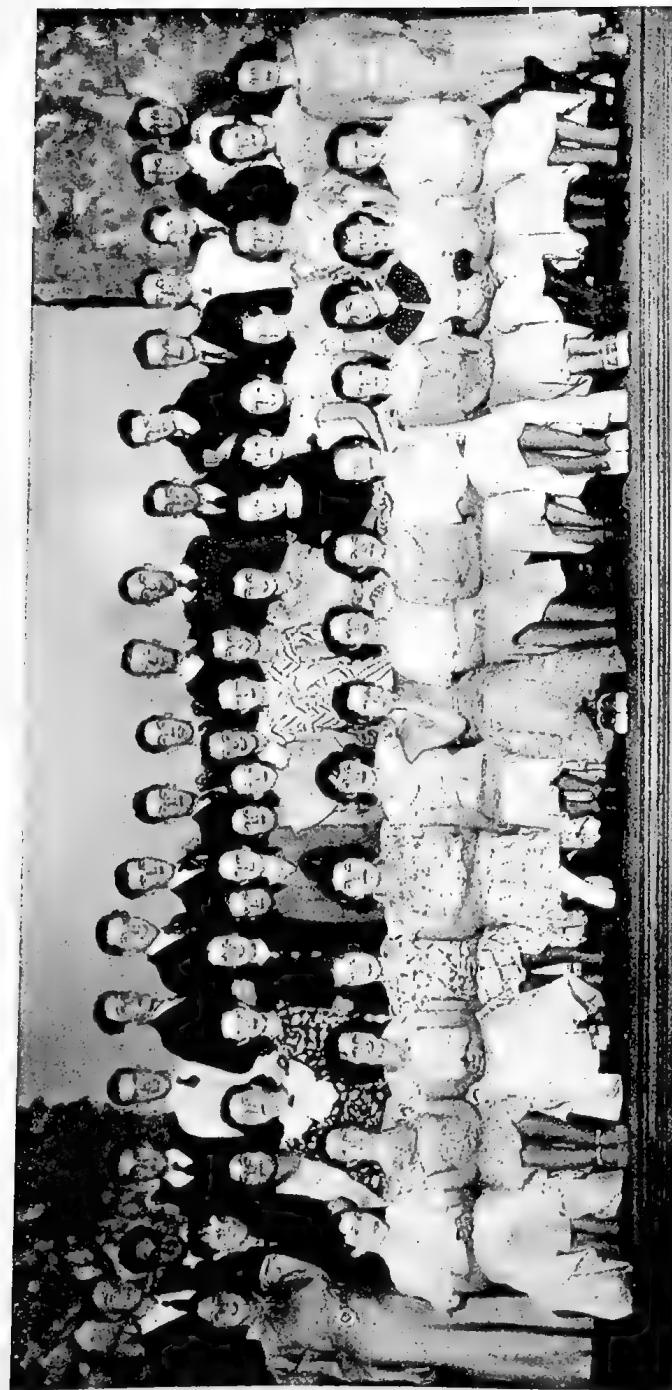
Now remember, folks! One more chance to have a really good time. The best time of the year is yet to come and it's not the examinations either. Just another tea dance! The date of it is as yet unknown, but we promise it to you in the very near future, so keep some money in your pocket for the admission fee. As this is the final dance of the term, we are expecting the biggest crowd of the season and we're sure that we'll get it.

We again thank the Committee for their untiring efforts in selecting very pleasing orchestras who they know have pleased the students because of the large attendance at previous dances. Thanks are also due to the girls who served punch, and to those students who sold the tickets for the dances.

SKATING PARTIES

The hockey team held two skating parties at the Arena, one before Christmas, and one after. At the first one, the students had a good time wagering who would be the first boy to skate with one of the lady teachers, and a large crowd turned out to witness this event. The crowd, at the second party, was not as large, although all enjoyed themselves.

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THE CHORUS OF "HEARTS AND BLOSSOMS"

BACK ROW—J. Fenton, F. Sturrup, L. Fletcher, G. Muldoon, B. Galashan, J. Taranuck, H. Hannon, J. MacInerney, J. McKeen, M. Kapitan, G. Giacinti, J. Cakebread, M. Yaremko, A. Marlow, H. Hogg, J. Ard, D. Rosenberg.

SECOND ROW—E. Barley, O. Stankovitz, S. Infurnari, L. O'Reilly, M. Smith, M. McKie, I. Harman, M. Hefferman, G. Michael, R. Baxter, M. Smith, E. Copland, A. Kelly, M. Flater, M. Cochran, R. Zolyomy, H. Zolyomy, J. McCall, B. Brock, A. Pryke, E. Laquan.

FIRST ROW—D. Barbe, J. Sklinner, M. Houser, E. Leiper, C. Taylor, M. Intine, R. Rogers, M. Kershaw, C. Field, B. Theaker, B. Briggs, A. Donovan, G. Craven, G. Robertson.



Bill Lukyn, 1-A

The Dramatic Committee presented their first offering of the year on Monday afternoon, December 3rd. The play given at this time was "Wurzel-Flumimery," a whimsical one-act comedy from the pen of A. A. Milne. It was directed by Miss Duffy. The cast included Everett Lampman as Robert Crawshaw, M.P.; Isabella Douglas as Mrs. Crawshaw; Blanche Reyburn as Viola Crawshaw; Jack McGuire as Richard Meriton, M.P.; Dave Hutchison as Denis Clifton, lawyer; and May McKenzie as the maid. The players gave a very creditable performance, and, judging from the laughter and applause of the audience, a very enjoyable one.

In addition to the play, there were several musical numbers. Marjorie Graham sang two solos, and the Glee Club, under the direction of Miss Wood, sang "Grandfather's Clock," conducted by Bertha Brock.

At Christmas the Glee Club sent the jolly tunes of carols resounding through the halls, Aletha Kelly being in charge.

For the evening performance this year, the Committee decided to attempt, with the help and co-operation of the Music Committee, a musical comedy, "Hearts and Blossoms." This production, offered on March 8th, is by far the most ambitious that the school has ever attempted, and every credit must be given to the various departments which helped to make it the great success it was.

The production was under the direction of Miss Duffy. Gordon Lovett trained and directed the chorus, under Miss Wood's supervision, and the dancers were trained by Miss FitzSimons, with the help of Ruth Tunstead, and Mildred Morton. Helen Atkins played the piano accompaniment to the songs and dances.

The choice of the play, "Hearts and Blossoms," was a very happy one. The story is very bright, pretty and romantic; the songs are lilting; the dialogue, sparkling; and the dances added considerably to the charm of the performance.

Phyllis Overholt played the part of Mrs. Horace Manning, the lady who believed in dreams. Everett Lampman was Uncle Matt, the lovable, absent-minded man. The lovers were Russell O'Neal as Philip, and Kathleen Little as June, Pat McHugh as Jerry and Fay Steele. Jiminy Hutton as Samson Bonaparte, the coloured porter, and Dot Silke as Malindy, the "sassy, valler, heart-breakin' gal," added to the lively humour of the play. Phyllis Cooper, Grace Robertson, Jack Fenton and Bill Galashan fitted nicely into the minor roles.

The chorus of fifty voices was extraordinarily good, especially in the opening number, "Underneath a Parasol," and in the finale, "The Rainbow Trail." During the singing of the "Rocking" chorus they seemed to be enjoying themselves greatly. The dancing chorus of ten performed beautifully, especially in the gavotte and the waltz at the end of Act 1. They were at their sprightly best in the "gossip dance" at the beginning of Act 2. During the intermission Ruth Tunstead did an excellent tap dance, which well deserved the encore it received, and Mildred Morton, a graceful solo waltz.

The stage crew, consisting of George Gray and the Banting brothers, under Stage Manager Hutchison's direction, added considerably to the smoothness of the show.

Truly the Music Committee and the Dramatic Committee must be congratulated on their efforts for this year. Our only hope is that next year an equal or, better still, greater success will be theirs.

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"HEARTS AND BLOSSOMS"

1. DANCING CHORUS—V. Read, M. Nixon, D. Fox, M. Sholer, A. Ritchie, G. Bolus, R. Tunstead, M. Morton, C. Swales, M. Perryman.
2. Ev. Lampman and Phyllis Overholt.
3. Russ O'Neal, Pat McHugh, Fay Steel, Kay Little.
4. Jim Hutton and Dot Silke.
5. Helen Atkins and Gordon Lovett.



ALUMNI

Marion Smith, 4-A

*We'll honour yet the school we knew,
The best school of all;
We'll honour yet the rule we knew,
Till the last bell call,
For, working days or holidays,
And glad or melancholy days,
They were great days and jolly days,
At the best school of all.*

—Newbolt.

Well, school days for some of us will soon be over for good. Will we ever forget the memories of those happy days? We will always cherish the days spent at Commerce and the friends we made there. Thinking of coming graduation reminds us of those who have graduated and we wonder what they are doing.

Some of the graduates have been successful in finding employment and others are scattered far and near.

We are glad so many of our students have found employment. Among those employed are:

Sadie Rosen, in the law office of Morris & Morris; Agnes McDaid, at Christilaw & Gage office; and Effie Summers in Burn & Dickson law office.

The Westinghouse has claimed Madeline Hobbs and Rita Kirkpatrick, while Edith Bolingbroke and Nellie Holder are working at Moodie's.

We find George Howting employed at the Huron & Erie Mortgage Co.

Evelyn Kitney is at the Howell Lithographing Co., and Grace Bennett is employed at the National Trust Co.

Among our graduates we also have a young druggist working at the Barton Pharmacy—Jim Simpson.

Marion Tansley is busily engaged in the office of the Dominion House Furnishings.

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The Soper Awning Co. is now the business address of Grace Soper and at the Brusey Awning Co. is Doug Brusey.

Marjorie Glennie spends her working days at Zeller's, while Dorothy deSalis is at Woolworth's along with Marjorie Keith.

The Chadwick Electric Co. has George Thornton on its list of employees.

Dorothy Anderson is working in the office of the Norton Refrigerator Co.

Peggy Myers is now "Aunt Peggy" as well as stenographer at CHML. Now we'll all have to listen in.

Helen Kirkpatrick is now at the Fuller Brush Co.

Bob. Lowe is now at McLaren's. Donald Hassell is at Wilkinson-Kompass.

Herbert Wright is learning the flower business at Kaufman's Florist.

Ed Hyslop is a banker at the Bank of Nova Scotia.

We have one nurse-in-training—Irene Hughes—at the Albin Institute.

Lilian Willis, back home in England, has readily found employment.

Evelyn Ford has moved to Gravenhurst.

Deserting us for other schools are:

Olive Tufford at Central; Frances Passmore is also claiming Central as her school; Jessie Clarke is a student at Westdale. Helen North is attending night school at McMaster. Margaret Hyde has moved to Toronto, and is attending Northern Vocational. Best of luck in the new school, girls!

The young ladies staying home are:

Flora Barrach, Ruth Bennett, Kathleen Biggs, Roma Blake, Lillian Booker, Dorothy Boyd, Ruth Chapman, Daisy Coppins, Edna Dallen, Isabel Connon, Vera Fearnley, Anne Feggans, Violet Fordyce, Grace Goddard, Mildred Green, Marion Grills, Bernice Grisch, Doris Buy, Gwen Jones, Marie Kiernan, Grace Laird, Julia Lachuk, Norma McDonald, Helen McIntosh, Ethel McPartlin, Jean Moffat, Eileen Munson, Violet Rea, Marg, Robertson, Sadie Robinson, Audrey Salmon, Jessie Sibbald, Iva Sholer, Josephine Smith, Kathleen Spence, Marg. Torek, Marg. Turnbull, Gertrude Aron, Jean Mundell, Marjorie Shields, Kathleen Harper, Jean Whitfield.

We hope these girls will soon find employment, but housework is good practical home economics.

Our gentlemen of leisure are:

David Pickard, Stanley Wisniewski, Bernard Hurst, Bruce Liddycoat.

Due to the new fourth year course many of our graduates are still keeping us company.

Some of our former graduates of '33 we are pleased to know have secured employment: Jean Bryant, Buntin-Gillies; Gladys Metcalfe, Ellis-McIntyre Co.; Agnes Borland, Westinghouse; Margaret Finlay, Westinghouse; Marie Wagstaffe, Canadian Canners; Margaret Newman, Bird Building Products; Margaret Abercrombie, Mutual Life Ins Co. Here's to your continued success!

A **R** **S** **Y** Last, but not least, are those who have left us to be married. Among these are Audrey Robertson, Margaret Hawkins, Lilian Anderson. We are not sure of their new names, but our heartiest felicitations!

EATON'S
PIN MONEY
SHOES

298
PAIR

High
Fashion
With
Thrift!



- This tremendously attractive line of shoes has been developed by EATON'S in answer to smart women's demand for shoes of real quality and fashion value at a modest price.
- The new arrivals for Spring will add to their popularity—they are crisp and young—styles that accent pretty feet, and flatter the rest! The sort of shoes, in fact, every woman wants at this season.
- "Pin Money's" are sold in our spacious shoe department on the second floor, the unusually wide range of sizes and widths and our expert fitting service ensuring comfort and lasting satisfaction.

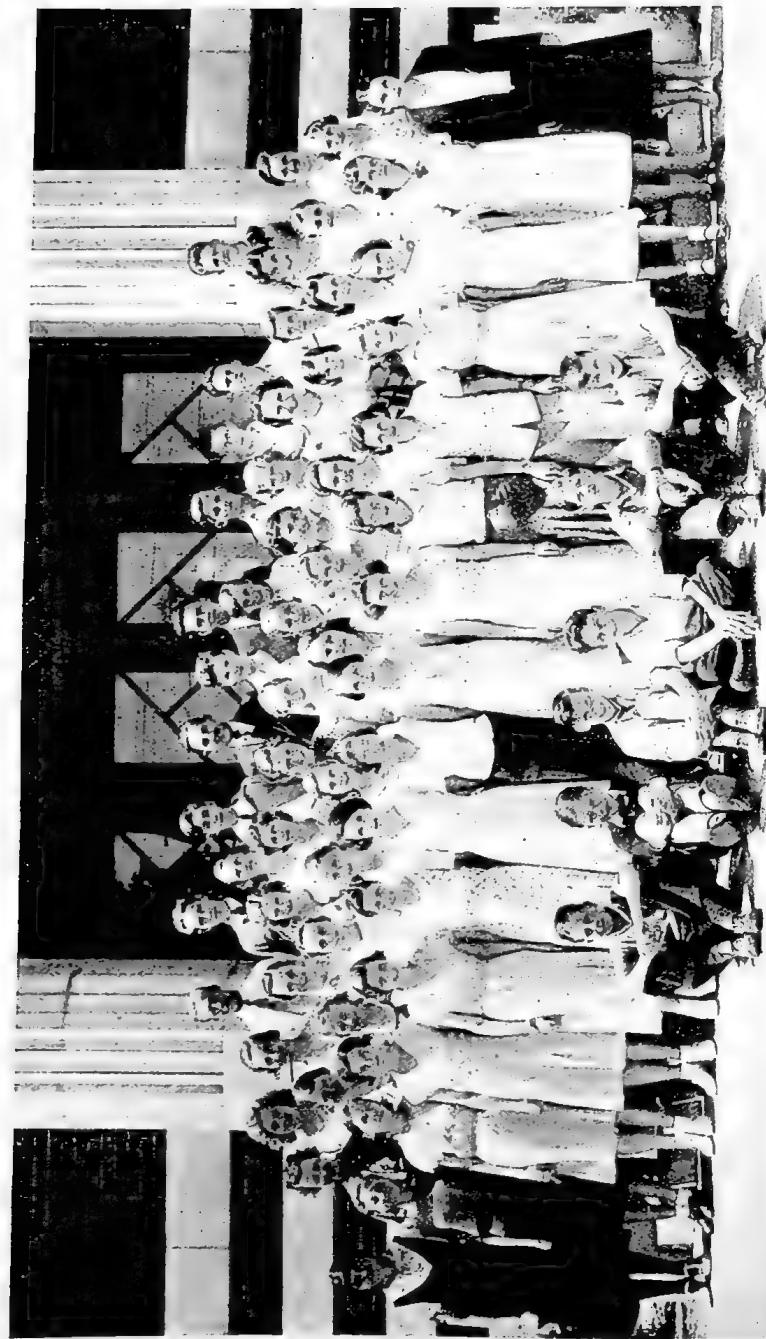
T. EATON CO. LIMITED
HAMILTON CANADA

Sizes 4 to 8½
WIDTHS AA to C
IN THE GROUP

Second Floor



ARGOSY



"NEVER LATE—NEVER ABSENT CLUB," 1933-1934



E. Kitney, I. Sholer, V. Simpson, J. Sibbald.

THE ORDER OF ACCURATE TYPISTS

During 1934, this order was organized in our school to encourage high quality in our typing classes. There are three divisions: Junior, Intermediate and Senior. The Junior Division is for first year students—five minute tests. The Intermediate Division is for second year students—ten minute tests. The Senior Division is for Third, Fourth and Special Classes—fifteen minute tests. All work must be absolutely without error with a minimum speed of 30 words per minute for First and Second year and 40 words per minute for Senior students. The highest award, 60 words per minute, is known as the Gold Seal Group. Last year four girls qualified and we present them to you in the above picture, and offer them our heartiest congratulations.



"NEVER LATE-NEVER ABSENT" CLUB

The first essential of an efficient school is regular attendance and punctuality. There are many factors which work to keep down attendance, chief, of course, being illness. However, quite often parental neglect or carelessness on the part of both pupil and parent play quite a large part also.

During the past year the percentage of attendance for our school rose from 91% to 93% and our lates dropped over 75%, from 11 per day to 2.7 per day. This was made possible by the hearty co-operation of almost all the pupils, especially the happy group whose picture appears on the opposite page. They were the students who were blessed with good health and who by their splendid co-operation had a perfect record. The High School of Commerce is justly proud of them and their record.

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Two Eyes in Italy

Virginia Mosso, 3-A

July 12th, 1934—and we're off! Off for the land of Sunny Italy! What an honoured feeling it was to know that we were being sent to Italy, the dearly loved land of our parents, to see it with our own eyes, and be able to tell of it in the days to come.

Each year the Italian Government extends an invitation to all the countries of the world to send students of "The Giovanne Italiane" (Young Italian Organization) to visit Italy, so that they may be able to return to their native lands and tell of the splendour, the glory, the beauty, that lies on the other side of the world. These students must be descendants of native-born Italians, of not more than eighteen years of age, and with a sufficiently complete knowledge of the English and Italian languages. These qualifications can easily be filled by "Young Italians" living in Canada, where education is compulsory. You can readily imagine, therefore, my intense happiness when I learned one day early in June that I was to be one of the fifty Canadians to visit Italy in 1934.

On July 15th, we boarded the S.S. "Vulcania," the large steamer which was to take us far away to a distant land which all of us were to love more and more each day. Our voyage lasted for twelve days, our first stop being at Madeira Island, off the coast of Portugal. If ever I should be asked where I should like to go for a trip, and Italy were excluded, I should choose this island. For peace and comfort, and beauty more remarkable than elsewhere can be found, this is the island to go. Our next stop was Algeria, Africa. Having once been there, I can't say that I am at all anxious to go back again. We crossed the Mediterranean to visit the grim rock of Gibraltar, cruised along the coast of Sunny Spain, and finally came to our destination, Naples, Italy.

After being welcomed at Naples by a group of 300 Italian girls, we went first to the Royal Palace of Prince Umberto of Italy; then to see the beautiful Mount Vesuvius, of which we had seen so many pictures—pictures which, we found, had failed to give us an accurate impression of the real mountain.

From Naples we went to Frascati, where we were taught the Italian Fascisti songs and the exercises which we were to exhibit at a later date for "Il Duce" Benito Mussolini. We stayed at Villa Falconieri, one of the most beautiful villas in the whole of Italy. It was the one-time Palace of Emperor William the Second of Germany, which he gave to Italy for the Young Italians who came there on such a trip as I did.

Eight days of our twenty-five-day stay at the Villa were set aside so that we could go and see our relatives. My uncle came for me and took me to the small town of Santa Croce di Magliano, in the Province of Campobasso, where my mother and father were born. Here I met people I did not know even existed.

Back to Frascati we came for more singing and exercising, and finally we started to do our travelling in Italy.

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Y
S Venice—the beauty, the splendour, the singing, dancing, music, the canals, the gondolas, the buildings the work of art—the glory of it all cannot be expressed in words that will satisfy my hungry heart, which is always yearning to go once again to this beautiful city of dreams.

Pisa, Bologna, Toscani, and Florence on the Arno! "Florence is the beautiful city of flowers, and the flower of cities." This is a quotation which the people in Florence always say, and I must admit it is a true one. Added to the natural beauty of the city itself, there are the store-houses of the art treasures of the Florence of the Renaissance—the Palace of the Medici, Palazzo Vecchi, Pitti Palace, the Cathedral, the Strozzi Palace, where we saw some of the works of De Medici, Raphael, Da Vinci, Corticelli, Michel Angelo. Never will the memory of the beauty of these leave my mind. We also crossed Ponte Vecchio, which spans the Arno, where we could fancy the spirit of Dante still lingered.

September 1st was the great day when we exhibited all our exercises and sang our Fascisti songs for Benito Mussolini himself. Mussolini walked into the large Forum grounds, and came to the Canadian ranks, looked at us, smiled, and told us that we were a very smart-looking group of Canadians and also wished us luck on our homeward journey.

He then mounted a dais, and spoke to all the Giovanne Italiane (Young Italians) and Avanguardisti (Vanguards), tellings us to be good Canadians, to love our countries, but never to lose love for Italy, because, after all, our people were brought up there. He impressed me as a very simple, ordinary man, not at all the stern dictator he appears to be in pictures. I will never forget him, as I have his picture at all times in my mind, for had it not been for his thoughtfulness, I might never have seen Italy.

While in Rome we visited the famous Colosseum, and were allowed to go into it and walk around. Many of the girls picked up pieces of the stones which were in the ruins and brought them home. St. Peter, St. Paul, St. John, St. Maria Maggiore, St. Croce—all these churches we visited and they are never to be forgotten by any one of us.

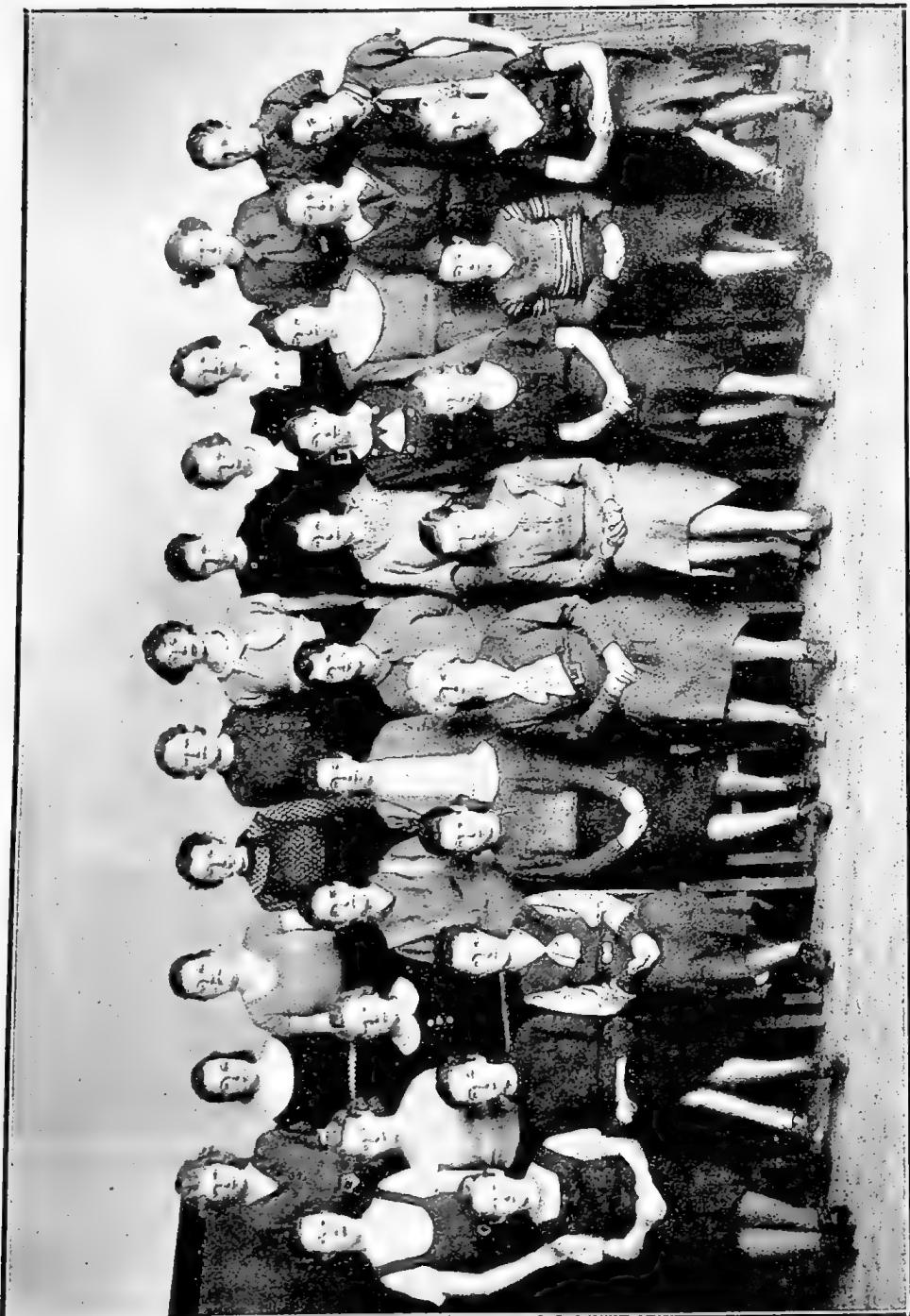
September 5th took us once again to the Forum, where we had the honour of seeing Prince Umberto in person. He is a very young man and very pleasing. One of the Canadian girls was picked from all the 15,000 girls there to present a gift to him, and also to shake hands with him and receive the congratulations from the entire "Fascio all'estero" (Fascisti Abroad).

September 7th, and we were on a train heading for Castello Gondolfo, the summer home of Pope Pius the Eleventh. We were all dressed in uniform and we were obliged to wear black veils over our faces. We marched into the vestry of the castle which, I think, had about twenty rooms. We were taken into one small room, and we all knelt on the carpeted floor, and waited the Pope's entrance. As he came in, we all bowed our heads and, as he passed, each one of us kissed his Ring of Sanctification, an act all the people in Italy think is a very great honour.

After he had gone throughout the crowd, we followed the cardinals and the guards into an inner room, where, sitting on a chair made like a throne, with four cardinals on each side of him, he spoke to us. He told us to think always of him when we thought of Italy, and he gave us a blessing and told us to bring back this blessing and give it to our friends and relations and to say that he loved and thought of them all, even though they were in lands so far away. He is a very old man, and was dressed all in white. I will never forget him, for he spoke to us in such a friendly way that I felt he was another person who was my friend.

Rome again, and on the eighth of September we left it for Naples, where we were to go aboard the S.S. "Saturnia," a sister steamer to the boat that brought us to Italy, and head once again for home.

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3-B, BANNER CLASS, 1933-1934

Learning and Earning

Margaret Newman, Editor, 1934

While modern teaching methods follow as closely as possible to the actual conditions met with in the business world, one finds upon leaving school to undertake a clerical position that an entirely different view-point must be taken to the day's work.

We feel in school that we must study and try our best to perfect ourselves in the different subjects, not only to satisfy our own ambitions, but, in some small measure, to express our gratification to those who are responsible for our tuition. In passing through the various grades at school, we are sometimes apt to forget that we are laying the foundation for our future life and we are inclined to take things too lightly, without realizing all the responsibility which may at some future date be thrust upon us. An important fact to remember is that, while taking the commercial course, errors which are made in examination papers merely mean that the pupil receives less marks for that subject, similar errors made in business may mean the loss of a customer to your employer or loss of business in some other manner.

When we finally leave school to assume a position we suddenly realize how important the days we spent at school were, and what a great deal they mean to us in our future life, which at once becomes broader by coming into contact with actual business conditions, whereas previously we had been living in what might really be termed a "make-believe" business. If we failed to make the grade in school, it mattered little; although it might have hurt our pride, it did not make very much material difference. In business, however, it is entirely different; we realize that we cannot afford to make too many mistakes. It makes no difference whether we occupy a very humble position or one which is considered high, our work must be properly done; we cannot afford to be careless. We know that we hold a position of trust, and whether we are entrusted with money or materials, we know it is our duty to safeguard our employer's interests at all times.

Apart from the material things I have mentioned, there is also the employer's time. We know that we are receiving remuneration adequate to the services which we are rendering and to waste our employer's time is no more excusable than misapplying his money or materials. This is one fact that must be borne in mind by anyone who is desirous of making good in the business world.

Courtesy is one of the first rules of business, and one must be prepared to give a courteous answer to what may seem at the moment a question which annoys us. Always bear in mind that your employer's time must come first and his interests make it imperative that we be pleasant to his customers and leave to him the task of dealing with their alleged grievances. To assume a discourteous attitude is not only detrimental to ourselves, but merely opens the door to further annoyance and argument.

And so, if we bear this in mind, concentrate on our work and do our duty conscientiously, we will find that our business life is one in which we will take great delight.

May I say that the days I have spent in the various grades in the High School of Commerce will be among the happiest of my recollections and the lessons taught me there will undoubtedly help me throughout my life.

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Commencement

E. Ford, 2-B

The annual Commencement of the Central High School of Commerce was held in the Technical School Auditorium, on November 9th, 1934.

Mr. T. W. Oates, our Principal, spoke to the students, their parents and friends on the improvements of the school and the high standard of attainment set forth.

Mayor Wilton, who was the guest speaker, chose as the topic of his address "Success," which should be an inspiration to all who listened.

The Westdale Orchestra, under the competent baton of Mr. I. Lomas, delighted the audience throughout the evening with well-known selections. The members looked very snappy in their uniforms.

Of course, the main event of the evening was the giving out of the prizes and diplomas.

The General Proficiency prizes for all forms, donated by the Board of Education, were presented by T. C. Binkley, Chairman of the Board of Education to the following students:

III Form—Mary Craven, Agnes McDaid, Velma Simpson, Louis Bowman, Evelyn Kitney, Jessie Sibbald.

II Form—Lillian Heywood, Marjorie Thompson, Mae Weir, Bella Poltur, Sara Poltur, Yvonne Shurety.

I Form—Marion Disher, Elizabeth McMillan, Lois McMullen, Frank Enfield, Dorothy Beaver, Stanley Poloski.

1-Year Special—Bruce Liddycoat, Ruth Bennett, Marjorie Shields, David Hutchison.

The Entrance Scholarships and History Scholarships were presented by Mr. Perney, Superintendent of Schools, to:

Entrance Scholarship—Elsie Hayward, Queen Mary Public School.

History Scholarships—Elsie Hayward, Queen Mary Public School; Jessie Shiell, Robert Land Public School; Myrtle Hodgson, Gibson Public School.

Presentation of the Field Day Championships, by Mr. J. C. Callaghan, to the following:

Jean Cooke, Jean Elliott, Nancy Brown, Jack McGuire, John Falloon, Gordon Brown.

Mr. F. W. MacBeth, Chairman of the Internal Management Committee, presented the Graduation Diplomas.

The evening was brought to a close by the singing of the National Anthem.

The list of graduates of 1933-34 is as follows:

A	Marion Angus	Isabel Connon	Evelyn Ford
R	Helen Atkins	Daisy Coppins	Violet Fordyce
G	Joan Barnett	Mary Craven	Florence Fraser
O	Flora Barrach	Edna Dallen	Bernice Gable
S	Kathleen Biggs	Edna Derry	Marjorie Glennie
Y	Roma Blake	Dorothy de Salis	Grace Goddard
	Edith Bolingbroke	Isabella Douglas	Mildred Green
	Lillian Booker	Laura Edgecomb	Marion Grills
	Dorothy Boyd	Verna Fearnley	Bernice Grisch
	Ruth Chapman	Anne Feggans	Doris Guy



PRIZE-WINNERS, 1933-1934

Mary Craven, Form 3; Marlon Disher, Form 1.
Lillian Heywood, Form 2; Bruce Liddycoat, One-Year Special.

ARGOSY

(Continued from Page 50)

Marie Hackwell	Eileen Munson	Clara Swales
Audrey Hill	Margaret Myers	Marion Tansley
Hazel Hill	Mabel Parker	Jean Taylor
Madeline Hobbs	Jessie Parmenter	Margaret Torek
Marie Intini	Violet Rea	Olive Tufford
Gwynville Jones	Margaret Robertson	Margaret Turnbull
Olive Jones	Sadie Robinson	Verna White
Marjorie Keith	Sadie Rosen	Marguerite Wilson
Marie Kiernan	Audrey Salmon	Louis Bowman
Evelyn Kitney	Vilma Semsey	Christopher Darby
Grace Laird	Jessie Sibbald	Donald Hassell
Julia Luchuk	Velma Simpson	George Howting
Margaret McBride	Iva Sholer	John McMillan
Agnes McDaid	Josephine Smith	David Pickard
Norma McDonald	Margaret Smith	James Simpson
Helen McIntosh	Marion Smith	George Thornton
Ethel McPartlin	Rose Smurlick	John Vickers
Alice Miner	Audrey Smyth	James Warren
Jean Moffatt	Grace Soper	Stanley Wisnieski
Marjorie Moffatt	Kathleen Spence	

(Continued from Page 16)

The KING gave them the BIRD. He said they were WAREING.

"The sun BYRNS my eyes," he complained. "Bring me my SPEERS and a BAHM then dig some GRAVES. WEIR not going to put up with GREEN actors."

"Nixon that," said the BARD, "OSGOODE."

"You're WRIGHT," added the HARPER.

But as soon as the KING had AIRD his grievance he felt better. His BLACK mood was gone.

"I must go HOLM to McQUEEN."

The EARL asked, "HOUSER Majesty?" "I'm BURSTYN for news of her."

"I don't know. I haven't CINOR for weeks. The MAYLE is slow because the TRIBE is up in arms. But SHEILL be all WRIGHT."

Just then the FORD drove up. It was late, for a CARTER with his CARTE and a SHEPHERD with his sheep had blocked the road.

The chauffeur rang the BELL furiously.

"Stop clanging that BELL," commanded the KING but the clatter persisted.

It was only Big Ben saying: "Time to begin again."

(Continued from Page 36)

Mr. Funston's statement: "When a young man or young woman desires to associate themselves with the Firestone Tire & Rubber Co., Limited, the following characteristics are expected:

"First, absolute honesty. This applies not just from a monetary standpoint but in all their dealings.

"Second, we want to be sure of their complete loyalty to Firestone.

"Third, these are days of keen business. We feel no person can succeed or go very far with us unless they are aggressive. We are anxious to see them advance but know that to do so they must be up and doing.

"Fourth, intelligence. We believe they should have specialized in their studies on one subject—bookkeeping, sales, manufacturing, etc.

A "If they have these four characteristics they will always be able to improve their standing with our company." * * * * *

G Mr. Braden's statement: "It is my opinion that the most desirable qualifications for attracting favourable attention to the graduates of the High School of Commerce are: Industry—Enthusiasm—Knowledge—Tact—Self-confidence—Patience or Self-restraint—Ability to think twice before speaking."

Autographs

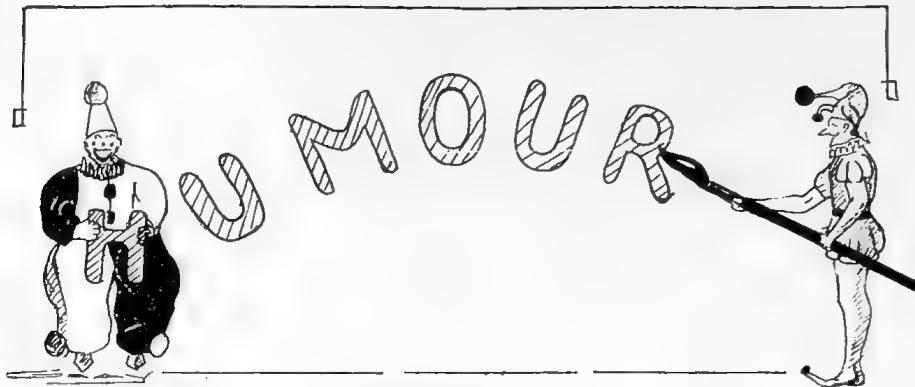
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1935 ●

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"WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG."



Jack Sargeant, 3-A

FIRST FORM

Jean A.—I'm in an awful predicament.
Violet—What's the trouble?

Jean A.—I've lost my glasses, and I can't look for them until I've found them again.

* * *

Shaw—Mr. Stewart, may I take Rosie from the room?

Mr. Stewart—Why?

Shaw—Well, she swallowed my camera and I am afraid something might develop.

* * *

Farmer—Now, my young man, didn't you see that board marked "Private"?

Sinclair—Yes, I did.

Farmer—Well, what did it say?

Sinclair—I don't know, sir, cos when I saw it, it said "Private," and I didn't read any more.

* * *

Bill L. (now a magician)—Will the gentleman in the second row please lend me his hat?

John P.—Not until you return the lawn mower you borrowed last summer.

* * *

Film Director—The lion will pursue you for a hundred yards; no further, understand?

Helen (now an actress)—Yes, sir, I do, but does the lion?

* * *

Village Policeman—Now, then, what's your name?

Culprit—Thomas Jones.

Policeman—I want your proper name.

Culprit—Oh, well, then, William Shakespeare.

Policeman—Ah, that's better; you can't put me off with any of that Jones stuff.

* * *

Pearl, just starting school, could not pronounce "r" correctly, and was asked by her teacher to repeat this sentence after her: "Robert gave Richard a rap in the ribs for roasting the rabbit so rare."

Pearl thought it over a moment and said: "Bobby gave Dick a poke in the side for not cooking the bunny enough."

Georgina—And has your baby brother learned to talk yet?

Gloria—Oh, dear, yes! We're teaching him to keep quiet now.

* * *

Margaret—You may not believe it, but a strange man tried to kiss me once.

Dorothy: Really! Well, he'd have been a stranger man if he had tried to kiss you twice.

* * *

*There is a class at Commerce,
They're really very wise.
They're just more full of humour
Than most people surmise.*

*They've got a handsome teacher,
A squarely-built "he-man."
No one else can teach them
The way that teacher can.*

*He gives them lots of homework.
And if they start to cry,
He looks so stern, and slackens not.
No matter how they sigh.*

*Of course, there are other teachers.
And some have not the will.
No matter what their antics,
To keep those children still.*

*Now each of these dear children
Has got her own known place,
No matter if her hair is straight,
Or she has a homely face.*

*For the very few class beauties
Must understand and know.
If it were not for the contrast
Their own face wouldn't show.*

—1-F.

* * *

Visitor—Well, Joe, how do you like your new little sister?

Joe—Why, she's all right I guess, but there are lots of things we needed worse.

* * *

Jack B.—Say, Bill, why do you always slap your horse on one side?

Bill W.—I figure if I get one side going, the other is pretty sure to follow.

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*The smartest boys in Room 1-B
Are numbered one, two, and three;
They are the three smartest by far,
That is, according to Mr. Foucar.*

*The first is Bill Roche, a lovely chap,
Even tho' Mr. Pugh calls him a sap.
He really studies ever so hard,
And at his work, he's a card.*

*The second is Charles Bird by name.
And certainly he is headed for fame.
At studies he sure is a "wow."
According to Mr. Elliott, he's the cat's meow.*

The third is John Hallford, and you can bet

*This boy has all the teachers in a sweat.
He doesn't ever have to try,
And the high marks he gets, oh, me! oh, my!*

*Commerce certainly is proud of these boys.
And every Christmas sends them toys.
What's that? Yes, you've guessed it, folks.
They really are the three big jokes.*

* * *

Roche—Morgan, what do you think of the buttercup?

Morgan—Daisy's nicer looking.

* * *

Mr. Foucar—Use the word "cedar" in a sentence, Harris.

Harris—She asked me, so I went up and cedar.

* * *

Mr. Foucar—Hallford, name three modern birds.

Hallford—A wise bird, Charley Bird, and a-a-er—jailbird?

* * *

Jean R.—What has four eyes and cannot see?

Vera R.—Mississippi.

* * *

Roy—I want a pair of corduroy pants.

Clerk—How long?

Roy—How long? I don't want to rent them—I want to buy them.

* * *

There is one person who likes to be down and out, and that is the nervous airplane passenger.

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SECOND FORM

Miss Duffy—Can any one give me a sentence with the term weather-beaten?

Bright Young Mildred—Sure! "Root for our rugby team whether beaten or not."

* * *

Dr. Wingfield—What travels the faster, heat or cold?

Miss Morton—Cold.

Dr. Wingfield—Why?

Miss Morton—Well, I caught up to a cold in November and I have still hung on to it.

* * *

Miss Wood—Miss Gent, how far are you away from the correct answer?

Miss Gent—One seat.

* * *

Lois D.—Would you marry a man because of his wealth?

Marion B.—If I loved a boy, I would not mind how many millions he had.

* * *

Mr. Holmes—Take your seat, please.

Hazel—Where to?

* * *

Miss Wilson (during period)—How many of you girls like Jim?

A solitary hand goes up.

Elizabeth McMillan—I think P.T. is lots of fun.

* * *

Mary Walker—Do you know what sort of people will wear the biggest halos in Heaven?

Olive Vincent—That's easy; those with the biggest heads, of course!

* * *

Mr. Holmes—What do you mean by "a king with absolute power"?

Hazel Keith—A king without a wife.

* * *

Dr. Wingfield—Do you know that thousands of germs can live on the point of a needle?

Beatrice Prudence—What a strange diet!

* * *

Grace—You gave that cloak-room attendant a big tip, old fellow.

Mr. Holmes—Well, he gave me a good coat.

* * *

Miss Woods—Where's the cashier?

Alfreda—Gone to the races.

Miss Woods—Gone to the races—in business hours?

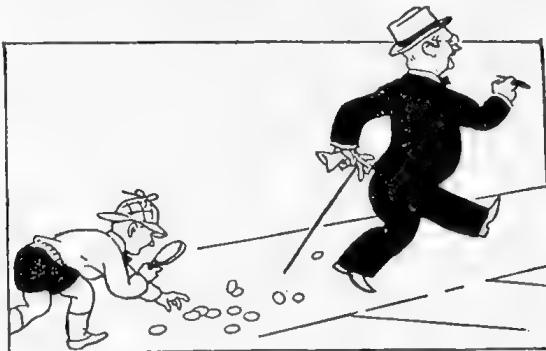
Alfreda—Yes, ma'am, it's his last chance of making the books balance.

* * *

Audrey—But, surely, you didn't tell him straight out that you loved him.

Anne—Goodness, no! He had to squeeze it out of me.

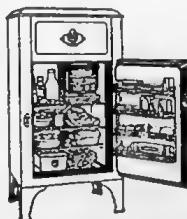
HAVE YOU A HOLE IN YOUR POCKET?



Lots of people are dropping nickels, dimes and quarters every day . . . without ever knowing it . . . just because of old-fashioned refrigeration methods.

Westinghouse Dual-automatic Refrigerator can save these amounts you are now losing. Owners here in town tell us they save \$10.00 a month (or more). Let us show you how it can be done.

Remember Westinghouse is the ONLY Dual-automatic LIFETIME Refrigerator and prices are the lowest in history.



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Dual-automatic REFRIGERATORS

ARGOSY



"AS MR. LANGFORD WOULD SAY — A NET LOSS!"



MIKE YAREMKO — "H-M-M. THAT'S BETTER..."
ONLY TOOK 23 MINUTES ON THAT WORD!"

Wentworth Radio & Auto Supply Co., Limited

- Canada's Finest Radio, Sporting Goods, Paint and AUTO SUPPLY HOUSE
- Kelvinator, Commercial and Domestic Refrigeration
- All popular makes of Radio, Electrical Supplies, Sporting Goods, Tires, Auto Parts, Wallpapers and Paint
- Happy Thought Ranges and Stoves

BAKER 1335

KING WM. & JOHN STREETS

He—You are the most beautiful girl I've ever seen. I long to hold you in my arms, to caress you, to kiss your eyes, your hair, your lips, to whisper in your ear, "I love you!"

Frances—Well, I dare say it can be arranged.

* * *

He—Every time I kiss you it makes me a better man.

Velma—Well, you don't have to try to get to Heaven in one night.

* * *

Aletha—What makes your face so red?

Charlotte—Oh, just 'cause.

Aletha—'Cause why?

Charlotte—Cosmetics.

* * *

M. Richardson (looking at Kay's new Angora collar and cuff set)—Oh, look at the hair on it—it needs a shave!

Winnie A. and Irene A. were looking

in a shoe store window when Winnie sighted a pair of shoes marked "Airedales."

Winnie—Why should they call a pair of shoes "Airedales"?

Irene (brightly)—Well, you wear them on your dogs, don't you?

* * *

Kay—What's all the noise about?

Irene M.—Nothing; we were just thinking.

* * *

M. Reid (the morning after a basketball game)—Say, did you take a shower last night?

Bernice M.—Why, was there one missing?

* * *

"Are you really a bank examiner, Mr. Tompkins?"

"Yes, madam, I happen to be."

"Then I hope you will have time to examine the bank—no matter how much we shake it, nothing comes out of it."

CLASS PINS

TROPHIES

GIFTS

Henry Birks & Sons

JEWELLERS

DIAMOND MERCHANTS

SILVERSMITHS

Birks Building—King and James Streets

A
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Dr. Wingfield—You can't see the pictures from there; move over here.

(Catherine moves; Dr. Wingfield grabbed her chair.)

Catherine—Oh, you just wanted my chair. That's a gentleman for you!

* * *

R is for Rusty, whose hair is so red;
O is for Oljnick, who to McKay said:
Oh, you're "touched" in the head!

M is for Margaret, so small and petite.

T is for Tatarchuk, the "Crown Prince,"
you see;

W is for Whitaker, at shorthand a shark;
O is for "O," which is McQuire's shorthand mark.

F is for French, our teacher dear;

H is for Hodson, whose singing she does fear;

S is for Shorthand, and Charles Clark's delight;

C is for Cooper, who we think is just "right."

* * *

Miss French—Margaret, were you detained at home in consequence of the inclemency of the weather?

Margaret—Oh, no, it was because it was raining.

* * *

Hodson—I ate three chickens to-day.

Mike—Gee, honest!—roasted or fried?

Hodson—No, in the shell.

* * *

Dr. Wingfield—McKay, of what are your shoes made?

McKay—Leather, sir.

Dr. Wingfield—Where does leather come from?

McKay—The hide of an ox, sir.

Dr. Wingfield—What animal supplies you with leather and gives you meat to eat?

McKay—My father.

* * *

Nick T.—What are you doing now, Charles?

Clark—I'm a cafeteria blacksmith.

Nick T.—What do you mean?

Clark—I shoo flies.

* * *

Adeline Waite—What's this thing, dear?

Murray Johnston—It's a pawn ticket.

Adeline—Well, why don't you get two, so we both can go?

* * *

Father—How are you getting along at school, my boy?

Bob (triumphantly)—Fine, dad; the teacher said that if all the boys in the school were like me he would shut up the school to-morrow.

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Doctor—Before I examine you, may I ask what you drink?

Harry—Thank you, doctor, a small whiskey and soda will do for me.

* * *

Farmer—You see, we've gone into truck-farming.

Anita B.—You can't fool me. You don't raise trucks; they come from a factory.

* * *

Marie H.—You say my arm's quite all right now, doctor?

"As sound as ever it was."

Marie—Shall I be able to play the banjo with it?

"Certainly."

Marie—You're a wonderful doctor. I couldn't before.

* * *

Mrs. Donovan: "Will my dear little photo be anything like him?"

Photographer: "Yes, Madam, but we can alter that."

* * *

Employer: "Is it true that when the clock strikes five you put down your pen and leave off even if you are in the middle of a word?"

Doris W.: "Certainly not, sir! When it gets near five o'clock I never begin the word at all."

* * *

A man had heard of a vacancy at a coal mine, and applied for the job.

Manager—What do you know about coal mines?

Applicant—Quite a lot.

Manager—What sort of lamps do they use in a pit?

Applicant—Oh! I never worked on a night shift.

* * *

Two men were seated together in a crowded street car. One of them noticed that the other had his eyes closed.

"Whassa matter, Bill," he asked, "feeling ill?"

"I am all right," answered Bill, "but I hate to see ladies standing."

* * *

Betty B.—Did you tell Bill I was three parts daft?

Phyllis G.—No, I thought he knew.

* * *

Mary—What are you knitting?

Frances—Something to cheer up the boys.

Mary—Why, the war was over long ago.

Frances—This is my bathing suit.

* * *

Pat (as they drove up a lonely road)—You look lovelier to me every minute; do you know what that is a sign of?

Anne—Yes. You're about to run out of gas.

A boy in 3-E named Dave
Who really needed a shave
Said he with a whisper,
"I'll put milk on my whisker
And see how the cat will behave."

There was a young lady called Margaret
Who once took a shot at a target
She missed it a mile
But said with a smile,
"I guess I'll have to enlarge it."

There was an old man named Dan
Who lived way off in Japan
And the silly old mutt
Went clean off his nut
Trying to figure out just how old was
Anne.

There was a young lady named Mary,
Who started to eat a nice cherry.
But out came a worm.
Mary started to squirm.
And her screams could be heard up at
Barrie.

A girl from Commercial High
Went out with a queer-looking guy.
She thought she was "it."
But the girls took a fit.
When they saw that he had a glass eye.

A boy from Commercial High
Decided to be like Popeye.
He ate spinach galore
And made other boys sore.
With his strength he could beat any guy.

A likeable fellow was Joe,
With happiness, looks and dough—
He met a girl
By the name of Pearl.
Result—his funds are low!

4-A had a whale of a party.
It was an eventful night;
The measles contracted by Everett
Gave each guest a terrible fright.

There was a young fellow called Mike,
Who once took a ride on his bike.
He had a flat tire
And fell in the mire
And now he does nothing but hike.

HOCKEY STICKS

The Oakville Villans came to town.
Determined to do the Tigers up brown;
They left the ice a-huffing and puffing.
For the Tigers beat them eleven to
nothing.

On Friday night they tried again;
But all their efforts were in vain;
The Striped Cats had them on the run.
For the final score was six to one.

—Audrey Smyth, 4-A.



COMMUNITY HOSIERY

827 King Street East
Between Fairleigh and Holton Aves.

"TRY IT"

So easy 'tis to make a rhyme,
And did the world but know it.
Your butcher would Parnasse climb,
Your baker be a poet.

The tobacconist compose an ode
About his blends and mixtures,
Electricians would recite a verse
While putting in the fixtures.

Your postman as he left his mail,
Would give his latest ballad.
The housewife would poetic wax
While preparing hubby's salad.

—H. Atkins, 4-A.

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THIRD FORM

Ruth Hosking—Have a good time at the party last night?

Mildred Perryman—Did I? I ain't hungry yet?

* * *

Three D girls were singing in class the other day, "Somebody Stole My Gal."

A small voice from the corner spoke out: "Somebody stole your voice!" (Ethel McCreadie).

* * *

Freshman—May I have the last dance with you?

Audrey Carroll (footsore)—You've had it.

* * *

Dr. Wingfield—What kind of rock is this?

Ethel Toth—I just take it for granite.

* * *

Rhea Rogers and Ann Ritchie seem to be very good friends—there must be a compact between them.

* * *

Gertie Rochkin—Huh! Your papa is a shoemaker, and you haven't any shoes to wear.

Jean Helm—Huh! Your papa is a dentist, and your little sister has only four teeth.

* * *

Joyce Clarey (inquiring on golf course)—Well, what did you do it in?

New Player (Barbara Breckenbridge)

—Seventy-six.

Joyce Clarey—Very good indeed!

New Player—Yes, and to-morrow I'm going to play the second hole!

* * *

Betty Murphy says: "The big question of the hour is whether a Siamese Twin would have to pay double tuition at the University."

* * *

Jean Helm—I'll be a rugby player soon.

Vimy Read—Oh, yeah! That's what you think!

Jean Helm—Sure! When I was going home from school I slipped and fell, and some guy going by said: "Some touchdown!"

* * *

Betty Hamilton—Yesterday I ordered a coco-cola uptown and the waitress gave me a scoop of ice cream with it to chill it.

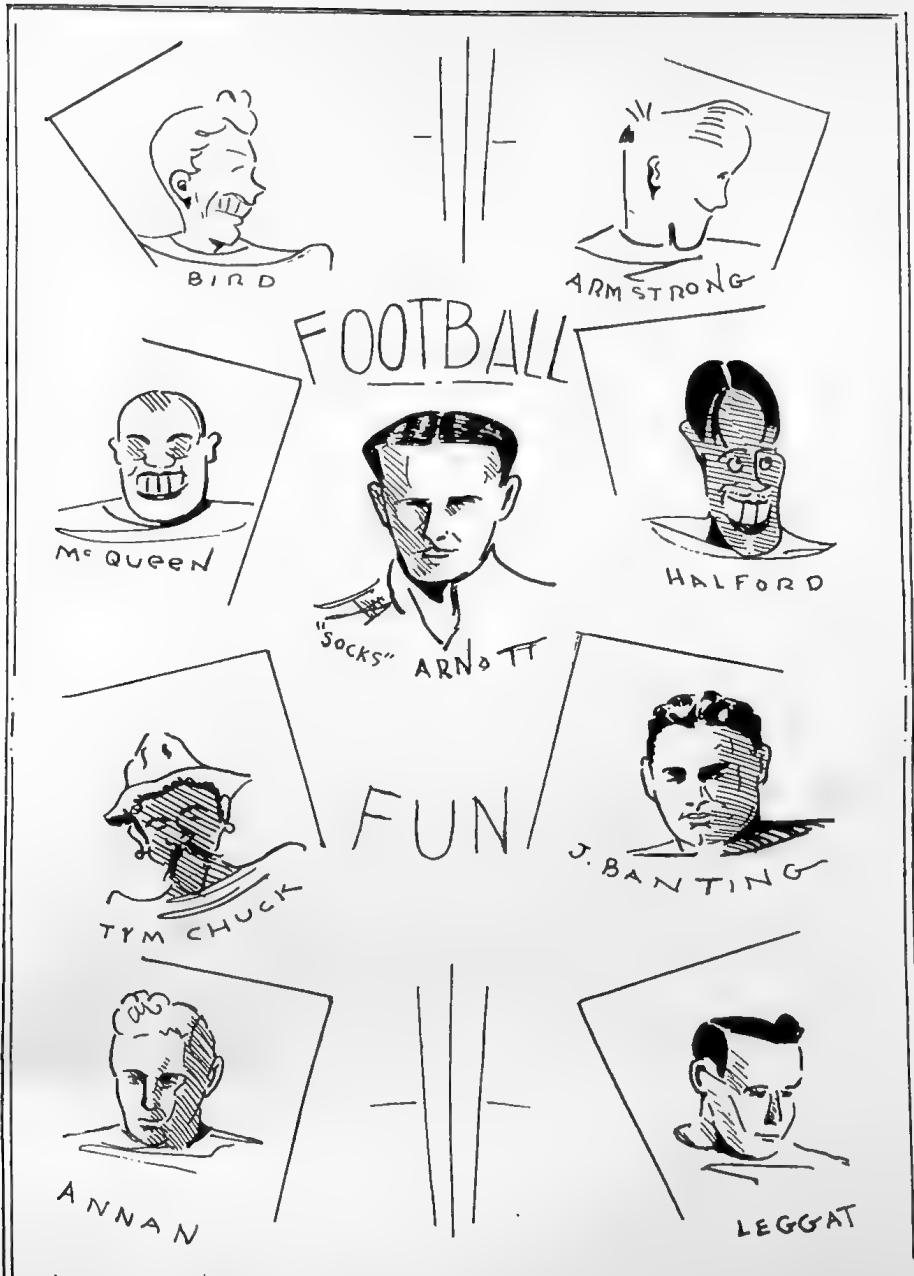
Florence Bannerman (answering with only half an idea of what Betty had said to her)—How did you get it down the neck of the bottle?

* * *

Mr. Hudson—Minnie, you are like a bellows. Know what it is? It is something that goes like this—(Mr. Hudson illustrates movements of a bellows).

Minnie K.—Not interested!

Ina B.—That's an accordian, isn't it?



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Jean I.—Don't you think I have a figure like Mae West?

Ruth H.—That's what you think.

Jean I.—Yes, I do—the only difference is that mine is natural and hers is made up."

* * *

A is for accuracy, 3-C's chief aim;
B is for Barron, just a little bit sane;
C is for conduct; H'm—oh, well!
D is for Doris, she's everyone's pal;
E is for Elliot, little crazy at times;
F is for Florence, for a hero she pines;
G is for Grace, with a profile so rare;
H is for Hazel, one look gives a scare;
I is for Isabelle, a girl so sedate;
J is for June, we'll leave her to fate;
K is for Kays; we have three of them;
L is for Lentz, a very tall fem.;
M is for Margaret, a girl so sad;
N is for nonsense; 3-C's latest fad;
O is for Olive, with a smile so rare;
R is for Roadhouse, they're quite a pair;
S is for Snor, the girl with a will;
T is for teachers, 3-C makes them ill;
U is for uniforms, Miss FitzSimons' pet cry;

V is for violets that make lovers sigh;
W is for windows, 3-C's looking glass;
X is for Xerxes, in Literature they'll pass;
Y is for young people, in 3-C quite a few;
Z is for Zeppelin, with this alphabet we're through.

* * *

Mr. Foucar—Miss Dibben, could you tell me exactly where Russia is situated?

Miss Dibben—Certainly, on the map behind you.

* * *

Mr. Hudson—if all the good people in the world were white and all the bad were black, what colour would you be?

Class—Black! White!

Sheila B. (after thinking silently)—Please, sir, I'd be streaky.

* * *

Dot Apted—"Well, I guess I better be going. I'm going to the hospital to see Eric.

A. Bainbridge—What's the matter with him? I didn't know he was sick.

Dot Apted—He broke his leg. He dropped a cigarette butt down a man-hole and tried to step on it.

* * *

Marj. H.—Did you have any trouble learning to skate?

Alice B.—Oh, no; I soon tumbled to it.

* * *

Lecturer—There are so many interruptions I can scarcely hear myself speak.

Sheila B.—You ain't missing much, mister!

Mr. Stewart—Do we eat the flesh of the whale?

Jessie D.—Yes, sir!

Mr. Stewart—And what do we do with the bones?

Jessie D.—We leave them on the side of our plates.

* * *

3-A

We will endeavour to give you the dope Which comes to us via the microscope, So we will start the ball rolling While the "son" is shining and it is snowing.

There's Tymchuk, the head of the sports, and good old "Red" Daviason, none too short;

What about the benchwarmer, alias Shaw?

And Mr. Hudson's confederate, Irene Garshaw?

And now we turn to our female charm, Like Venus de Milo, but with arms; There's Alice in Wonderland, typist of note,

And Dishier and Baker, who would choose to clop.

Alas! We nearly forgot Social Dan, and the crazy fiddler, Mike Kapitan;

And next on the list is Grace, the spelter, And Jimmy Moore, the mountain dweller. The lad with the skis is none other than Low,

And Simpson and Bonvie, who are very slow;

And Genius Willy, who loves the tests, And Anderson and Lendziosck, Mr. Foucar's pets.

There's oodles more of such great fame, If you're not in here you know who's to blame

* * *

Mr. Foucar—Shaw, are you a hero-worshipper?

Shaw—No, sometimes I hate myself.

* * *

J. Dishier (prospective buyer)—The rooms seem to be very small.

Mr. Hudson (salesman)—But you can always use thinner wallpaper, sir.

* * *

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Come to work at 9.10 when you must be there at 9.00.

Take half the notes from the manager and make eyes at him the other half of the time.

Make at least five mistakes in each letter.

File Langford's letter in Ferguson's folder.

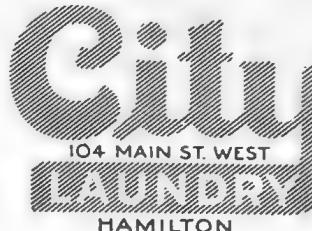
Give three dollars change instead of two dollars.

Spend most of your time talking over the telephone to your boy friend or girl friend.

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A Gauld—A man tried to kiss me last night.

Dave—Did you slap his face?

A. Gauld—Yes, indeed, as soon as he got through.

Bill G.—I've waited a whole hour for you.

Bertha B.—I was detained in the beauty shop.

Bill G.—Too bad you didn't get waited on.

G. Bolus (leaving school)—Good-bye, I am indebted to you for all I know.

Mr. Hudson—Don't mention such a trifle.

Ruth T. (now a telephone operator)—Hello, hello, do you wish to call a number?

Mike—No, I don't want a number.

Ruth T.—Then don't play with the phone.

Mike—I ain't playing with the 'phone; the receiver fell in the sugar and I was licking the sugar off the receiver.

Mr. Hudson—What is wealth?

Florence R.—Something you can't get hold of.

Margaret H. (to dentist)—How much will it cost to have my tooth pulled?

Dentist—One dollar.

Margaret H.—Could you sort of loosen it for fifty cents and I'll pull it myself!

From "Young Ladies' Journal on "How to Keep Your Youth":

Our advice is don't introduce him to your girl friends.

Grace—I'd rather you wouldn't.

Gibson—Aw, please, just one.

Grace—But what will mother say if—?

Gibson—If I just take one, your mother will never know.

Grace—Oh, yes, she will; she has all her cigarettes counted.

FOURTH FORM

Miss Harley—What happened to the sausages, Jean?

Jean T.—Well, you told me to prepare them like fish, and when I cleaned them out there wasn't much left.

Mr. Montgomery—I'm going to give a test to-morrow and don't be surprised if I ask for dates.

Helen B.—Don't you think you'll get one from me!

Mary C.—Did you ever take chloroform?

Mabel P.—No, who teaches it?

* * *

Mrs. Barnett—Joan, do you think the teacher likes you?

Joan B.—I think so; he puts a kiss on all my work.

* * *

Miss Dodds—How did you make out in the advertising to-day?

Alice M.—I got two orders in one place.

Miss Dodds—Good! What were they?

Alice M.—"Get out" "and Stay out."

* * *

Salesman—This book will do half your work.

Marie H.—O.K. I'll take two of them.

* * *

Two 4-A students were trying to decide what to do that night.

Marg. McBride—Let's toss a coin. Heads, we go to the show; tails, we go and meet the boys.

Laura Edgecomb—And if it stands on its edge we'll stay home and study.

* * *

Dentist—Isn't that too bad? I've run out of gas.

Rose S.—Oh, oh! I've heard that one before.

* * *

Miss Harley—Mabel, your mouth is open.

Mabel Parker: I know—I opened it.

* * *

SPECIAL FORMS

Traffic Cop—What's the matter with you? Get going!

Pepper (very polite)—I'm fine, thanks, but I think my motor's dead.

* * *

Miss Marshall—How would you punctuate this sentence?—A pretty girl was walking down the street turned the corner just as I saw her?

Marsden—I would make a dash after her.

* * *

Jean Tregunno (to Phyllis Evoy, who is standing up in the show)—Hey, you, sit down in front!

Phyllis Evoy—I can't; I'm not built that way.

* * *

Miss Lorraway—But you must think of the future, Pepper.

Pepper—I can't; to-day's my girl's birthday and I have to think of the present.

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Helen—What is an island?

Audrey—A place where the bottom of the sea sticks up through the water.
* * *

Miss Lorraway—You have no good excuse for being absent yesterday, Miss Lees.

Inez Lees—Well, it ain't my fault: I tried to think of a good one.
* * *

Norma—What part of the body is the fray?

Pat—Fray? What are you talking about?

Norma—This book says that Ivanoe was wounded in the fray.
* * *

Motto: Never put off till to-morrow what you can put off till the day after.
* * *

Marguerite—I think I'll take up horseback riding. It will increase my social standing.

Jean—I don't know about the social part, but it will increase your standing.
* * *

Miss Lorraway—And why are you so small, Phyllis?

Phyllis—Oh, my mother fed me on tinned milk, and I'm condensed.
* * *

Lena—How ju spell sense?

Ida—Dollars and cents, or horse sense?

Lena—Well, like I ain't seen him sense.
* * *

O'Neal—Say, Paul, I've got a head good enough to become an emperor.

O'Sullivan—Well, Russ, any block of wood can be made into a ruler.
* * *

Freeman (to druggist)—Will you give me something for my head?

Druggist—I wouldn't take it for a gift.
* * *

Walter Kwiatowski (to Miss Wood)—I've changed my mind.

Miss Wood—Does it work any better?
* * *

McKeen—I want a quarter's worth of rat poison.

Hogg—Do you want to take it with you?

McKeen—No, I'll send the rats up after it.

Things We Would Like to Know—

Why did our "Bill" shave the little bit of fuzz off his upper lip? We wonder if he noticed the hairy representation of our supposed forefather, the ape?

Where did O'Neal get that asinine grin? What unknown treasures are stored down his throttle? (Of, if you do not understand, his mouth.)

Why friend "Tye" is always a late arrival? Is it another case of "cherchez la femme"?

When does the Glee Club open its meeting by ruling 25 tee-hee-hee accounts?

Was that leopard skin once one of his victims?

Do You Recognize Us?

1. Florence Fraser.
2. Jean Tregunno.
3. Mary and Paul O'Sullivan.
4. Helen Rickaby.
5. Phyllis Evoy.
6. Betty Galashan.
7. Helen O'Brien.
8. Marjorie Moffat.
9. Fay Steel.
10. Mike Yaremko.
11. Isabella Douglas.
12. Audrey Pett.
13. Inez Lees.
14. Ev. Lampman.
15. Marjorie Cochrane.
16. Amy and Paul Pepper.
17. Florence Elliott.
18. Dot Silke.
19. Marguerite Nixon.

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